

# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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THE FIRST EXPERIENCE OF THE VISITOR TO HAVANA.  
PASSING THE CUSTOM-HOUSE INSPECTOR ON THE WHARF OF THE CUBAN CAPITAL.



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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## Delicate Problems of Our Wars.

THE peace following each of the wars of the United States brought delicate problems to the country. When England, in 1783, acknowledged the independence of her late rebellious colonies they were confronted with the necessity of creating the machinery of a nation, with no example in the history of any other country which would be of material service to them in the peculiar condition in which they found themselves. That problem was recognized at home and abroad to be so serious that many on both sides of the Atlantic looked for anarchy, the disintegration of the country into three or four mutually hostile little nations, and the ultimate seizure of each of them by some European Power or Powers.

The peace which succeeded the war of 1812-15 ended the vassalage, in a social and commercial way, which America held to Europe, revealed to us a set of strictly American aspirations and interests altogether apart from the Old World's concerns, and forced us to legislate for those interests. Before the war with Mexico was half over a problem appeared which lasted many times longer than that conflict, and which ultimately precipitated the Rebellion. The problem made its appearance when, in August, 1846, three months after the declaration of war, Wilmot proposed his proviso excluding slavery from all the territory to be acquired from Mexico. This brought the slavery issue to its acute stage, incited Cass's popular sovereignty and Douglas's squatter sovereignty doctrines, forced, successively, the compromise of 1850 and the Kansas contest of 1854, killed the Whig organization, created the Republican party, and ultimately led to the Civil War.

Four years of fighting occurred in the Civil War, but the contests in Congress which reconstruction caused, and the general legislation which was a sequel to that adjustment, lasted twice this time. In fact the thorough restoration of harmony between the sections was not accomplished until both fought side by side in the war against Spain.

The close of the Spanish war forces upon us an altogether new set of problems. We will have to legislate for races (Cubans, Porto Ricans, and Filipinos) having a civilization and aspirations entirely alien to ours. In the case of one of them (the Filipinos) we will be compelled to provide for a perpetual dependency, which can never become a State. But the United States has had some experience which may be of service in this contingency. The natives of Louisiana, Florida, New Mexico, and California, at the time of our annexation of those localities, were alien to us in training and ideals. The Indians were still more hostile to our ideas and methods.

The United States in the past hundred years has, in dealing with alien races and lower civilizations, had a success which has been the marvel of the world. It will not fail in its present task.

## Every Man His Own Master.

IT was a distinguished English philosopher who, some time ago, warned the public that the doctrine of paternalism could be carried too far, and that the more the government offered to do in the way of support for the unemployed, the greater would be the inducements it offered to those who abandoned their employment and looked to the government for care and maintenance.

There is a well-recognized tendency in these days toward what is known as municipal control—that is, the ownership by municipalities, not only of the water and gas companies, but also of the street-railways, sources of fuel supply, and, in some instances, of mines and factories. The argument of the socialist is that the municipality is under obligations to support the people who constitute it, and that it can do this best by becoming the proprietor of interests that conserve to the comfort and welfare of the people. It is but a step from this argument to that in favor of the establishment of municipal factories in which all will find opportunities to earn their daily bread. Professor C. A. Kent, of Detroit, who has been retained to fight Governor Pingree's municipal-ownership plan for the street-railways of that city, characterizes the Governor's purpose as "the first tangible move in the direction of socialism; the first indication of the crystallization of a communistic sentiment which has been preached and agitated with much vigor during the last decade." Professor Kent says it is impossible to know what the limitations of this movement will

be, or whether it will result in confiscation and the curtailing of private rights. He adds that if the city goes into the street-railway business there is nothing to prevent it from organizing itself into a socialistic commonwealth, and therefore the Detroit controversy, in his judgment, affects the social and economic life of our nation and of our homes.

Our local and State governments now provide free almshouses for the pauper element, free hospitals for the sick, and the Potter's Field for the pauper dead. In Australia, legislation has been introduced looking to an old-age pension system, by which every workingman, after passing the years of usefulness as an artisan or a laborer, can be assured of a regular stipend for his support. In Germany a public insurance bill, providing life insurance for workingmen, has met with great favor. Just where the line is to be drawn in these matters it is difficult to say, but it is easy to conceive that the greater the support that the public offers to the poor, the greater the temptation of the shiftless and idle to abandon all efforts to maintain themselves by honest labor.

Men are born with different aims and ambitions. There is no common level upon which all exist. Workingmen receiving precisely the same rate of wages will have vastly different wants and ambitions. The one will be satisfied to continue his existence on the same level at which he began. The adornment of his home, the education of his children, and his and their advancement in a social way, receive little consideration. The other will constantly consider how best he can rise above his circumstances and surroundings, and he will be unsatisfied until his condition is improved. The struggle with him is not only for existence, but for advancement. Any socialistic plan that would confine him to the same level as his phlegmatic associate and compel him to be satisfied to stay there would be cruel injustice.

It must be remembered that the masses, as a rule, always demand the cheapest things that can be produced, and have not the judgment or common sense to realize that cheapness of products is not compatible with dearness of wages. If the municipality is to be the producer of the goods, the cry will be to make them cheaper, because the price is a matter of consequence to thousands, while the wages benefit but a few, and the majority always rules. Who support the sweat-shops? Who purchase the goods sewed by half-starved women in cellars and in garrets? Not the luxurious few, but the toiling masses. Cheapness always has a charm for them, and against this no cry for humanity's sake has ever been effective. It is probable that municipalities can with propriety and economy maintain their own gas and water works and street-railways. But when we concede this we compromise with the spirit of socialism, which is too aggressive to stop at a respectable distance. The more paternalism it receives the more it wants, and if it should succeed in all its aims it would stifle that competition among men which develops the highest character.

It would be a sorry world if we were all placed on the same dull level, with the obligation that all must remain there. Some men will rise, others will fall. That is the law of creation, the divine command, and human enactment cannot repeal or amend it. Every man is his own master, and when he surrenders his right to independent action, whether he be the head of an establishment or its most poorly-paid employé, he is no longer a master but a slave.

## An Interesting Insurance Case.

MUCH attention has been attracted by the recent decision of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York, to the effect that \$43,000,000, representing the divisible surplus of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, belongs to its 300,000 policy-holders. This decision, while apparently of a sensational character, really establishes no new claim, for President Alexander, of the Equitable, says that there is no question that the entire surplus of the Equitable, and of every other mutual insurance company, belongs to its policy-holders. The only question concerns the discretion of the officers in apportioning this surplus.

The Equitable divides its surplus into two parts, one of which it holds under contract for distribution among the deferred dividend policy-holders, who receive their full share of the surplus profits as determined by the actuaries of the society, as soon as they become entitled to it. The other and smaller part of the surplus is divisible from year to year, according to the existing state of affairs, among the annual dividend policy-holders. In the case at law, the plaintiff, in whose favor the court decided, believed that he was entitled not only to his share of the surplus which he had received, but also to his share of the marginal surplus of \$6,000,000, which the society prudently carried over from year to year, as a guarantee against fluctuations in values.

The court before which the demurrer was first argued found no cause for action. The Appellate Division reverses this decision, and it remains to be seen what the Court of Appeals will do. The Equitable does not deny that the surplus belongs to its policy-holders, and it regularly distributes the greater part of the surplus from year to year, but it maintains that its directors have a right to decide that a part of the surplus should be held to safeguard the interests of the society, and how and when this remainder should be divided. The question at issue is, therefore, a simple one, and whichever way it is decided neither the policy-holders nor the company will suffer. Both concede that the surplus belongs to the policy-holders, and both admit that the surplus is properly in the custody of the company which, by wise management, has been able to accumulate it.

One excellent result of the litigation is the disclosure of the fact that the Equitable, by sagacious management, has been

able to accumulate the magnificent surplus of \$57,000,000, for the benefit of its policy-holders. A fact which emphasizes the solidity of the society, the high character of its investments, and the excellence of its administration.

## The Prison-labor Bugbear.

THE outcry against prison labor fades into insignificance before the report of the special Assembly committee on prison labor to the New York Legislature, which shows that last year 430 men, each capable of earning a dollar a day, would have produced precisely the same results as all the convicts in the State-prisons of New York, while engaged in competitive industries. It is not surprising that the committee reaches the conclusion that the wage-earners of the State cannot, as a whole, have felt to any appreciable extent the competition of convict labor as it has been actually carried on during the past year, and that no evils have been disclosed as the result of prison competition.

The committee finds that the number of convicts employed and their efficiency can be very considerably increased without materially disturbing the condition of free labor, providing the industries pursued are sufficiently diversified. The commission reports that in the six great penitentiaries of the State a most serious problem is presented by the fact that the great bulk of the convicts are idle, while no effort seems to have been made by the local authorities to change the situation.

The prison-labor problem has perplexed the Legislature of this State for over twenty years. All sorts of experiments have been tried, and, as a result, our prisons, instead of being self-supporting, are now a charge upon the tax-payers to the extent of over \$500,000 annually. Labor agitators, not representing the best interests of the workingmen, but for the most part representing politicians, are responsible for the present situation, and the report of the prison commission will give them very little comfort. It is time that practical men with business experience should take up this matter carefully and seriously and submit a plan for legislative action. It is one of the problems to which Governor Roosevelt might well address his remarkable energies.

## The Plain Truth.

THE discovery that the Arkansas anti-trust act will not only hit all the industrial enterprises that come under that name in that State, but also all labor organizations that have for their purpose the control of wages, has created a breeze among the labor unions, as the United Mine Workers of America is maintaining a great strike in western Arkansas, and its leaders fear that they will be mandamused and their organization outlawed. This revelation of the far-reaching effects of the law will strengthen the demand for its prompt repeal by the very men who were urgent in favor of its passage, not realizing that what was sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander.

We recently advised our readers who were in search of new fields for financial exploitation to go South, and we repeat the injunction. The South is the natural home of the iron producer and manufacturer, and the United States is leading the world in the manufacture of iron and steel. During the fiscal year ended on June 30th last our domestic exports of the manufactures of iron and steel aggregated over \$70,000,000, or nearly four times what they were ten years ago. These exports include all sorts of manufactured iron and steel—nails, bars, rods, wire, and machinery. The development of this greatest of all industries in the South has only begun, and more than one great iron master in the North is sending his agents throughout the South, prospecting to secure the best location in which to establish a plant. Keep your eye on the iron and steel industry in the South!

Those who remember the vigorous demands made by numerous speakers in the last Presidential campaign, in favor of increasing the amount of money in circulation, will be interested in the official statement that during the last twenty years the amount of circulating medium in the United States has more than doubled, that it has increased more than fifty per cent. since 1886, and more than twenty-five per cent. since July 1st, 1896. No period in our history has shown a more rapid growth in the amount of money in circulation than the last few years. At present it aggregates nearly \$2,000,000,000, and the rate of increase since July 1st, 1896, has been nearly half a million dollars for each business day. At present there is in circulation an amount of money equal to twenty-five dollars for every man, woman, and child in the United States, and nearly a third of this is in gold coin. No other country on the face of the globe can boast the possession of so much current wealth.

This is a day of large things, philanthropy and religion included, though there is often a vast difference between the two. The Methodists, or, as they are called in England, the "Wesleyans," are endeavoring to raise \$5,000,000 from a million contributors, and though the fund was started only six months ago, over \$3,000,000 has already been promised, two and a half millions of this in five-dollar subscriptions. By the date of January 1st, 1901, the whole sum will be raised. A little more than a million dollars will be used to build an immense Wesleyan hall and library in the west end of London, and the remainder may be used to establish a college in honor of John Wesley, the great son of Oxford, who was the founder of the Methodist Church. Contemporaneous with this work of the Wesleyans comes the news of the good fortune of various Jewish charities, that have inherited nearly \$10,000,000, bequeathed by the late Baroness Hirsch. The chief beneficiaries are the Jewish Colonization Association, of London; Baron Hirsch's New York fund for schools; the Israelitish benevolent and school fund, of Paris; and the home for Jewish working-girls, in London. The Jews are the richest people on the globe, and the bequests of Baroness Hirsch are the largest ever made by a member of her race.



## PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

SINCE Admiral Dewey became famous as the hero of Manila Bay, Norwich University, Vermont, where he received his first instruction in the art of war, has come in for no small share of attention at the hands of the public. The institution has profited by the fame won at Manila by its great student, and it is planning to give him an enthusiastic reception on his home-coming.



ALLAN D. BROWN, WHO IS RAISING A \$100,000 DEWEY MEMORIAL.

New life has been infused into the faculty, and the institution itself of late. The graduates have taken hold of a plan to raise \$100,000 for a memorial hall to Admiral Dewey. Already it is an assured success. The corner-stone of the new hall was laid May 1st by Captain Clark, formerly of the *Oregon*, a native of Vermont. Other improvements are in contemplation which will make it one of the most desirable and attractive places for students with a military bent of mind in the entire country. At the head of the university Commander Allan D. Brown, United States Navy (retired), was placed about two years ago, and since his appointment he has been using his best efforts to building up and enlarging the old school. His service in the navy covers about twenty-five years, including sea service, torpedo service, and instructor at the head of the department of astronomy, surveying, and navigation, at the Naval Academy. For four years he was stationed at Washington as the head of the naval observatory, and at one time commanded the famous old ship *Kearsarge*.

—The youngest inventor of note in the United States is Charles M. Hall, who, when he was seventeen years old, began to find out the way to make aluminum cheaply.



THE YOUNGEST INVENTOR OF NOTE.

He was then a student of Oberlin College. He entered the college in 1880 and began his experiments in 1881. He continued them until February, 1886; then he succeeded by experiment in getting several aluminum buttons. He had a hard struggle after that for lack of money to develop his process. The prospects were very tempting, because aluminum at that time was worth as much as silver, and since, because of its many good qualities, it would be very desirable for a variety of uses if it could be produced cheaply. He took out his patent in July, 1886, but it was almost a year before he could interest any one, and it was not until 1888 that he succeeded in getting the manufacture of aluminum by his process started. He is now the vice-president of a company at Niagara Falls which is turning out all the aluminum used in the United States. Mr. Hall is thirty-five years old now, but is still very youthful-looking.

—The most progressive element at Yale scored a victory in the selection, at the meeting of the Yale corporation on May 25th, of Professor Arthur Twining Hadley as president of the university.



PROFESSOR HADLEY, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF YALE.

But the most conservative are also well satisfied with the new president. He will undoubtedly make a new era for Yale, and he begins his work with the confidence and good wishes of all. He will make changes as Yale's growth demands them, and a tradition may suffer now and then, but it will suffer in the cause of progress. Professor Hadley is very popular with the students. He is still a young man, with the physical strength and the force of will to easily bear his great responsibility. He will be able to hold every element in the university well in hand, and, judging from all present indications, will lead it to even a higher destiny than it has already achieved. Professor Hadley has been identified with Yale practically all his life. He was born in New Haven on April 23d, 1856, and is the only son of the late Professor James B. Hadley, of Yale, who was the author of several standard text-books on Greek, and was famous for his attainments in that language. The new president received his preliminary education in the public schools of New Haven, and entered Yale with the class

of 1872. He was graduated in 1876 with high honors, and after devoting himself for three years to the study of history and political science was appointed to a tutorship at Yale. In 1883 he became university lecturer on railroad administration, having devoted special attention to that subject. He became professor of political science in the graduate department in 1886, and did notable work then and later, when he took the place of Professor Sumner during the latter's protracted leave of absence. He is the author of several books and many articles on political science, and particularly upon railroads. His principal work is the volume entitled "Railroad Transportation; Its History and Laws." In this department of knowledge he has a high reputation in this country and in Europe. Professor Hadley has recently been giving much attention to the Yale debates, and his efforts have had much to do with their success in the intercollegiate debates. He was commissioner of labor of Connecticut from 1885 to 1887. He received the degree of M. A. from Yale in 1886. Professor Hadley was married to Helen Harrison Morris, daughter of Luzon B. Morris, formerly Governor of Connecticut, in 1891. He is the only president Yale has thus far had who has not been a clergyman.

—The remarkable recovery of Queen Marie Henriette, of Belgium, from an attack of pneumonia, which her physicians said she could not possibly survive, indicates that while the members of European royal families are, on the whole, a weak and sickly lot, there are still some strong constitutions among them.



QUEEN MARIE HENRIETTE, OF BELGIUM.

The Queen's recovery is regarded as miraculous. The reserve of strength with which she was able to successfully fight the disease was the result of an unusually calm and quiet life. Her character commands respect, and her illness called forth expressions of sympathy from many parts of the world. Queen Marie Henriette was born in 1836, her father being the late Archduke Joseph, of Hungary. She was married to Leopold II., King of Belgium, in 1835, and has three children, all daughters. The eldest is Princess Louise, who was married to Prince Philip, of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, but has recently separated herself from him. Princess Stephanie, the second daughter, was the wife of Archduke Rudolph, the Crown Prince of Austria, who several years ago met death in a highly discreditable manner. Princess Clementine, the third daughter, now in her twenty-seventh year, is still unmarried.

—The life of the Countess Zichy has been so full of romance that were the story of her life to be put into the form of a novel it would read even more entertainingly than an Ouida masterpiece.



A POOR GIRL'S ROMANCE.

The Countess was Miss Mabel Wright, a poor but beautiful girl, who lived in a humble New York boarding-house, where she made her living painting Christmas-cards and designing calicoes. She happened to visit Narragansett Pier for an outing, and there met some New York society men, who so admired her rare beauty that she was introduced to their friends because of the admiration they felt for her perfect loveliness. She soon after met and married Fernando Yznaga, who had been divorced from his former wife, a sister of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont. She was thus launched on the top wave of society, and for a number of years no function was complete without her. When Count Bela Zichy came to this country he met Mrs. Yznaga, and she fell deeply in love with him. She went to North Dakota, obtained a divorce, and at once married Count Zichy, who took his bride directly to his estates in Hungary. The count and countess have recently come into notice by their having taken a house in London for the season.

—Interest has been manifested in the statement that the Chinese minister at Washington, Wou Ting Fang, will probably be recalled to China to join the Tsung-Li-Yamen. Newspaper readers are often unable to understand the meaning of the Tsung-Li-Yamen in China. The members of this body apparently have much to do with the government, and it is often referred to in connection with Chinese complications. The Tsung-Li-Yamen is a body analogous to the President's Cabinet, deriving its powers from the Emperor and subjected to his whims and notions. If the members blunder they may

be deprived of rank, banished, or decapitated, and in this respect, of course, the analogy ceases.

—Sallie Marvin Demaree is a little miss of Shelbyville, Kentucky, who at the age of four years found herself able to read and enjoy the productions of our best writers.



KENTUCKY'S LITERARY PRODIGY.

Before she was nine years old she had read all of Dickens's novels, as well as Scott, Thackeray, Bulwer Lytton, George Eliot, and the two works of Jane Porter, to say nothing of current literature as found in the best newspapers and magazines. She says that the works that impressed her most were "David Copperfield," "Oliver Twist," "Daniel Deronda," "Ivanhoe," and "The Monastery." The only work of Thackeray she likes is "Vanity Fair." Of the latter-day American writers, she is very fond of Marion Crawford, Frank R. Stockton, and Thomas Nelson Page. James Lane Allen is her favorite Kentucky writer. She says that she enjoys with all her mind and soul a good play, good music, and good books. Her friends predict that she will become a literary star of the first magnitude. She is now a student at that famous school, Science Hill, at Shelbyville, Kentucky, made famous by the fifty years or more of service of that consecrated teacher, Mrs. Julia A. Tevis.

—Everybody waits for Dewey. Apropos of the widespread interest manifested in the return of Admiral Dewey to the United States, it is interesting to note that the recent issue of *Judge*, which contained as its title-page a striking cartoon, reproduced in miniature here-with, exhausted its edition of 150,000 copies within three days after it was placed on public sale. This country has witnessed many remarkable demonstrations. Most of them have been sectional in character, but Admiral Dewey's home-coming is to be national in every feature. East and West, North and South are overwhelming him with invitations to accept their hospitality. If he accepted all the receptions and banquets that have been tendered he would have no opportunity to rest for a year to come. The *Judge* cartoon is felicitously expressive.



"JUDGE'S" MOST POPULAR CARTOON.

—The tiniest native of Germany has just renounced his allegiance to the Kaiser and taken out his naturalization papers as a citizen of the United States. He is the smallest American gentleman on earth, and his name is Franz Ebeling, comedian and man of the world, better-known by his stage-name, Franz Ebert, of the "Lilliputians." This diminutive person stands just three feet six inches high, and is thirty-one years old. Little Ebert had an amusing experience when he appeared before the clerk of the naturalization bureau of the Supreme Court in New York the other day. He was introduced to the clerk by a friend who stood more than six feet high. The clerk at once said, "We don't naturalize children here. You had better bring the boy back when he is nine or ten years older." The clerk apologized for his mistake when Ebert's big friend explained who he was. The little comedian signed his name with a flourish. He was anxious to have his papers, he said, because his troupe was about to sail for Europe, and he desired to be able to call himself an American.



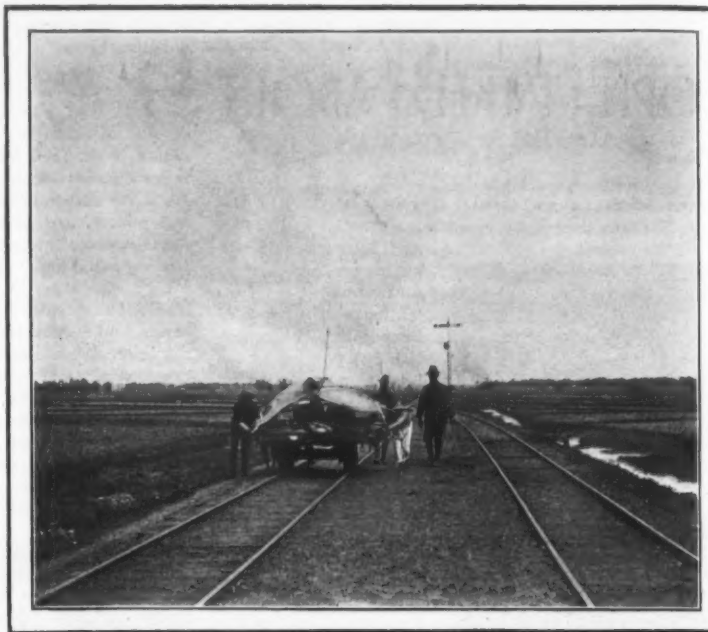
UNCLE SAM'S SMALLEST CITIZEN.

—Admirers of Julia Marlowe, the distinguished actress, will be delighted with "The Marlowe Book," just issued in an artistic form by R. H. Russell, New York. It is mainly devoted to reproductions of the photographs of Miss Marlowe in the various characters in which she has achieved success, and it reveals her as she is, not only a very clever actress but a most captivating young woman. In all of New York's recent and most successful dramatic season no actress won greater favor than Miss Marlowe in her exquisite character of *Colinette*. The most captious critics were compelled to praise her admirable characterization.





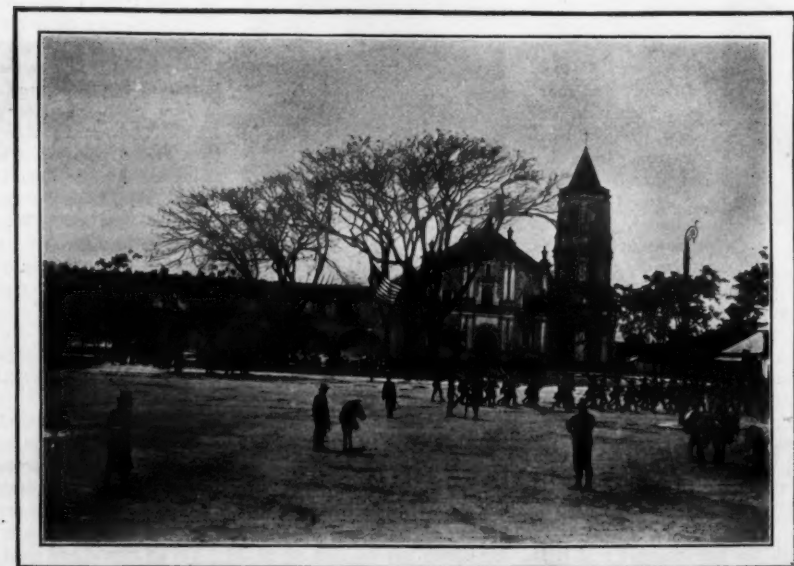
PUSHING ON TO THE FRONT—THE AMERICAN TROOPS HASTILY REPAIRING THE RAILROAD TRACKS TORN UP BY THE INSURGENTS NEAR MALOLOS.



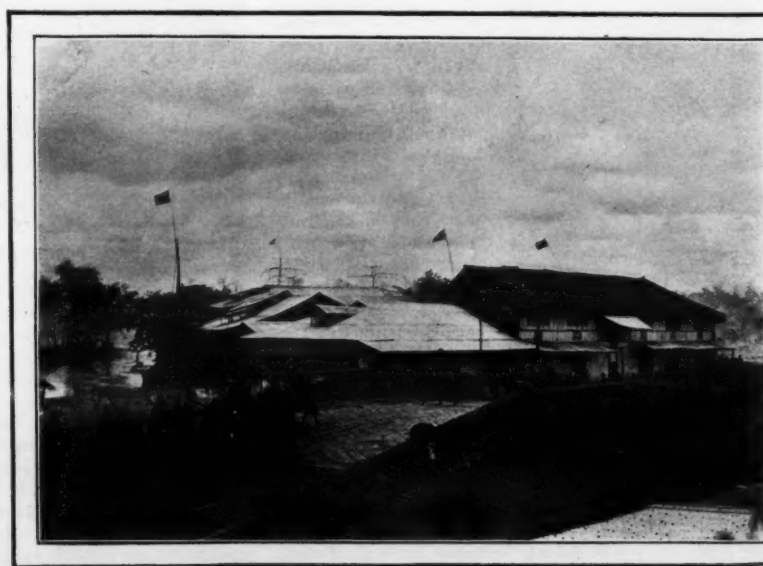
TENDER CARE OF THE AMERICAN WOUNDED—BRINGING THEM BACK FROM THE FIRING-LINE—BURNING MALOLOS IN THE BACKGROUND.—Photographed for "Leslie's Weekly" by F. L. O'Keefe.



THE VICTORY OF GOOD FRIDAY—THE WORN-OUT AMERICAN TROOPS TAKING POSSESSION OF MALOLOS.



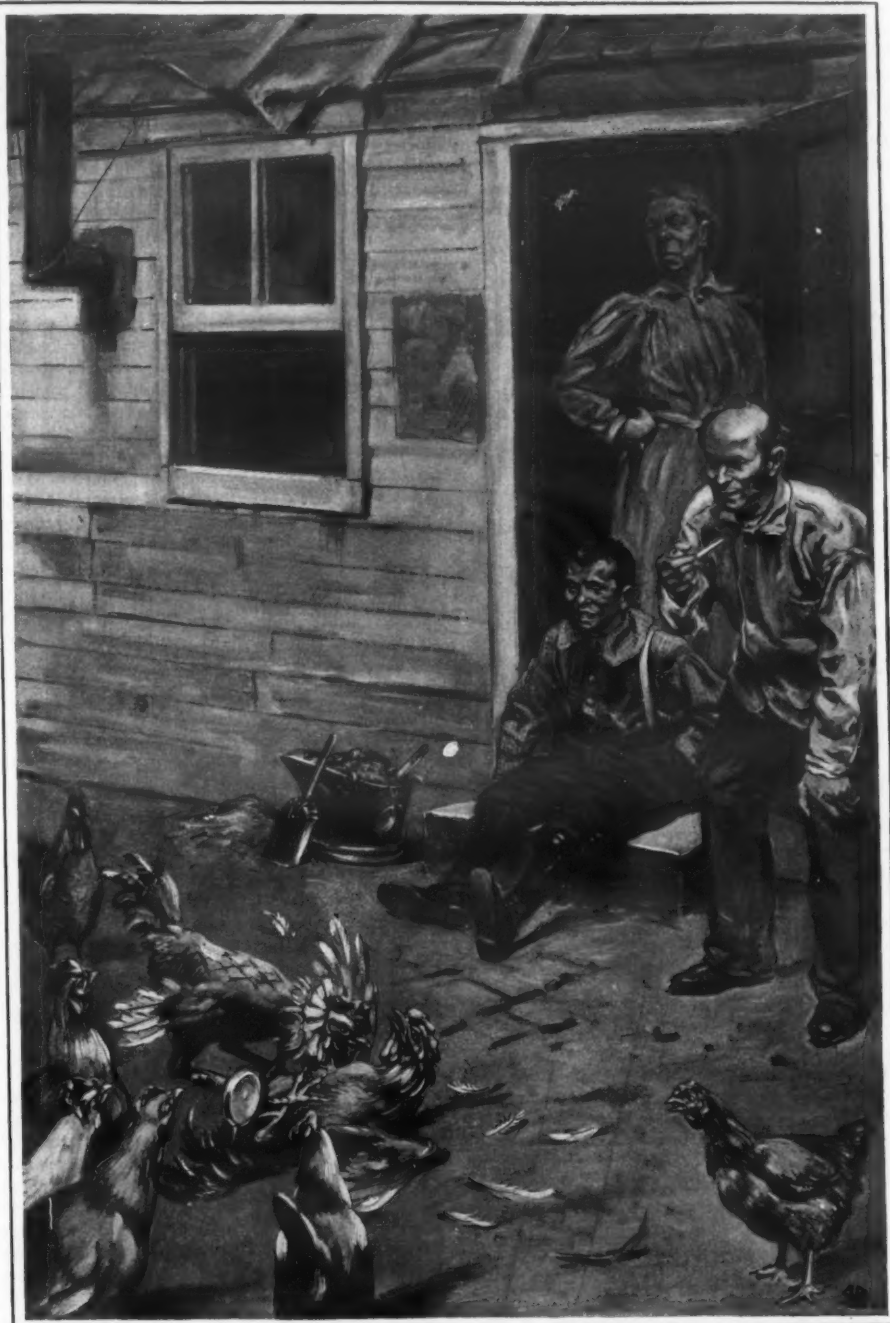
AMERICAN TROOPS MARCHING ACROSS THE SQUARE IN FRONT OF THE OLD CATHEDRAL AT MALOLOS, WHERE AGUINALDO'S CONGRESS WAS HELD.



MAC ARTHUR'S VICTORIOUS DIVISION ENTERING MALOLOS, MARCH 31st, 1899.

**ONE OF THE MOST BRILLIANT VICTORIES OF THE PHILIPPINE CAMPAIGN.**  
THE CAPTURE, ON GOOD FRIDAY, OF MALOLOS, THE FILIPINO HEADQUARTERS, AFTER DESPERATE FIGHTING, WHICH ENDED IN THE FLIGHT OF THE DISORGANIZED INSURGENTS.





"Now ye'll see some fun!" exclaimed Mr. Finn."

## THE WOODEN-LEGGED SHANGHAI.

By ERNEST JARROLD.

THERE were indications in the landscape of Coney Island that autumn had come. Chill winds had touched the vegetation with the colors of decay. The morning-glories refused to open their cups to catch the glittering dew, and the thirsty sun drank melted hoar-frost. Geese flying southward honked farewell from on high, while squirrels, nut-laden, hustled up and down the chestnut-trees with prudent activity. But these evidences of approaching winter did not appeal to Mr. Finn, he being a quarryman and not a poet. The rheumatism, however, was a keen and biting adviser. The fact that coal had advanced half a dollar per ton directed his thoughts to the empty bin. These and similar reflections also disturbed the serenity of his wife, as she rocked back and forth in her chair and muttered:

"Always trouble, trouble, trouble; and nothin' comin' in but the nanny's milk."

Maturity and care are closely allied, but trouble sits lightly on the brow of youth, and so the approaching winter had no terrors for little Mike, the ten-year-old heir to the meager Finn estate. He was engrossed in the artistic task of decorating a cheap picture of Dante's "Inferno" with lurid tints from a box of cheap water colors.

A gust of wind blew open the kitchen door and in walked a Shanghai rooster of herculean stature and most disreputable appearance. One eye was gone. His legs resembled a pair of stilts. His comb, once rosy as a carbuncle, had been reduced in size and faded in color, from contact with the bony beaks of aggressive rivals. Moreover, he had only one leg and one half, the leg having been amputated by a bullet fired from a gun in the hands of an angry neighbor when the rooster had been engaged in one of his frequent foraging expeditions. With rude surgery, Mikey had fastened a clothes-pin upon the stump of the injured leg, producing an effect at once ludicrous and pathetic.

The rooster walked with a pronounced limp, like that of an old man afflicted with the rheumatism.

By a singular contrariety the maimed rooster was loved and petted by all the children, but hated and contemned by all hens and roosters in the vicinity of the shanty. Instead of his deformity awakening pity and sympathy in the hearts of his own kind, the opposite effect was produced. The appearance of the rooster caused a temporary diversion in the thoughts of Mr. Finn, who exclaimed:

"He's a quare-lookin' bird, Mikey. Faix, he has no friends among the hins. D'ye think does he ever git blue when the other roosters are givin' him black looks and paradin' around wid their sweethearts?"

"Well, I dunno surely," replied the boy. "I know none o' the hins will go near him. He's not a handsome bird. I suppose chickens like fine-lookin' roosters. There's the banty rooster, now; he has shiny feathers and a tail like the Yankee flag. All the chickens are fond of him. I dunno how it would be if he had a wooden leg."

The attention of the Finns was now directed to the rooster, who tried to stand on the wooden leg while he scratched his neck with his foot, the effort resulting in a summersault, which provoked a roar of laughter from the Finns, while Mikey broke into a musical autobiography of the mutilated fowl, apropos of the situation:

His mother came from China.  
His father from Tralee;  
A more dignacious rooster,  
Begorra, ye'll never see.  
His legs are like two bean-poles;  
He is that frightful tall  
That when he stoops to peck the corn  
It's on his back he'll fall.

In such a homely fashion the beautiful Saturday half-holiday September afternoon was slipping gently away into eternity when an inspiration came to Mr. Finn. Jumping to his feet in his excitement, he exclaimed:

"Listen to me, Mikey. The rayson the hins are not fond o' the Shanghai is because he's a strava gin', wild-looking cratur. Now, if we fix him up—put a new suit o' clothes on him—he'll be a new rooster and all the chickens will be fallin' in love wid him."

"Mebbe you're right, father," replied the boy. "But how will we fix him up?"

"We'll paint him," replied Mr. Finn, with a wink indicating a world of confidence.

"Paint him?" exclaimed Mikey, in a puzzled tone.

"Yes," went on Mr. Finn. "I have some grane paint left over from paintin' the blinds last week. We'll paint his breast green and his legs red (the green above the red), d'ye see. Then you can make his back look like a crazy quilt wid your paint nonsense in the little box. You can stripe his wooden leg like a barber-pole, put an Irish harp on his back, make his neck white, wan wing yellow and wan blue, and when the paint is dry we'll l'ave him go out in the yard to see what'll the hins think of him."

Mikey was delighted with the idea. "If clothes make the man they ought to make the rooster," he exclaimed as he drew the struggling fowl from beneath the stove, where it had run when pursued.

"Ain't ye cruel?" protested Mrs. Finn, as Mikey and his father tied the rooster's wings close to his body and fastened his legs together. Michael Angelo, in fashioning a cherub on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, did not exercise more care than did Mr. Finn as he daubed the heavy house-painter's brush over the downy breast of the rooster. The subject of this unartistic effort was rather restive, to be sure, but Mr. Finn kept up a soothing monologue:

"Lie still, ye scutye! Ye'll get paint in yer eyes if ye're onaisy. Faith, now ye are a dude, wid yer grane vest on."

Mr. Finn rested from his labors for an instant, while Mikey held the struggling fowl upon its back. The amateur artist, closing one Meissonier eye, stood off to contemplate his work. Meanwhile, Mikey was whining:

"Lave me paint him, father. Give me the brush."

"No, no, my son, don't be in a hurry. We must wait until the paint on his breast is dry before we put the pants and the coat on him."

So, much to Mikey's disgust, he was forced to make a roaring fire in the kitchen stove and hold the rooster in front of the glowing grate, while the fowl uttered protesting squawks, until the heat had fused the paint and feathers into a hardened mass. Then the process of decoration was resumed.

This little departure from the commonplace routine of bucolic existence into the domain of art was a source of great satisfaction to Mr. Finn and his son, but it had an opposite effect upon Mrs. Finn, who was of an economic turn of mind.

"Ain't it a shame to be sp'illin' all thim feathers?" she said. "Faith, the paint 'll niver come off thim when I cut the head off the rooster to make pot-pie for supper."

"Hush, woman!" said Mr. Finn. "This is art. Eh, Mikey? Faix, we're doin' no harm. Ye women niver know when to l'ave well-enough alone. Now, Mikey, I'll hold him and you can paint his legs wid the dinky little paints."

The boy needed no further incentive. With the shining eyes of genuine artistic enthusiasm, he began making a miniature barber's-pole of the rooster's wooden leg. It was a thing of beauty and a joy for at least an hour as it gleamed with fresh red, white, and blue paint at the end of fifteen minutes' hard work.

The rooster was now released from his uncomfortable position and permitted to walk about the kitchen floor, preening his feathers and "stretching his wooden leg," as Mr. Finn said. The rooster did not take kindly to his new coat, especially as his tail, back, and neck were covered with daubs of marine blue and yellow ochre, which he tried to get rid of by rubbing himself against the legs of the chairs. Even the pronounced admiration of Mrs. Finn did not afford the rooster any satisfaction as she exclaimed:

"Arrah, look at him! He's like a walkin' rainbow. Let me put a collar on him."

This adornment proved to be a piece of pink shelf-paper, cut to resemble an Elizabethan ruff, which made the rooster resemble an English cavalier of the sixteenth century.

Perhaps it was because of the attentions he had received, or it may have been through some mysterious process of rooster perception and introspection; at any rate, the rooster seemed endowed with new life. The ruff had evidently rehabilitated him. He changed his gait from that of a skulking, drooping outcast to that of an alert, defiant chicken Beau Brummel. His proudly arched and glossy neck (glossy with vermilion tints) shone like a red-hot stove, while his dark and fiery eyes spoke haughty defiance.

"Ho, ho; but you're a beauty!" roared Mr. Finn, as the rooster flew upon a chair-back, waved the clothes-pin in the air, and crowed a lusty defiance to all the rooster kingdom.

"And now that ye've done yer wicked work," said Mrs. Finn, referring to the destruction of the feathers, "what are ye goin' to do now?"

"We're goin' to git a sweetheart for the gossoon, ain't we, Mikey?" said Mr. Finn. "But before we l'ave him go we must put a spur on him so he can fight the roosters that'll be jealous of him. We'll nail the top o' the baking-powder box on the bottom of his wooden leg, then we'll drive a horseshoe-nail through the tin into the leg and sharpen the nail. If any of the roosters gits dignacious or quarrelsome he can stab them with his sword, d'ye mind. Now, me laddybuck," he continued, as he gave the finishing touches to the nail with the file and dropped the rooster out of the window into the yard, "go and win your lady love!"

Iridescent as a chandelier, the rooster walked—or, rather, limped—into the middle of the arena and uttered one clear clarion note, so loud, ringing, and defiant that all the hens and roosters in all the hen harems for a quarter of a mile around were alarmed. Resplendent as a rainbow, gorgeous as Joseph the kaleidoscopic, he stood, while half a hundred hens gathered round in a circle and did him honor.



Who shall say whether admiration or love was uppermost in the mind of the dowager old Cochon-China, who, a trifle obese, but still comely, detached herself from the group of hens and, uttering a soft amatory cluck, placed herself beside the D'Orsay of the coop. She was followed by a young and timid hen, just entering pullethood, who, with the inconstancy of her sex, deserted her Plymouth Rock lord and went over to the painted pariah. A fine, plump black Minorca, who had just attained the fricasseeing period of her existence, became dazzled by the autumnal impostor and proved recreant to her allegiance.

And while his harem momentarily increased in size, the sultan of the wooden-leg stood in the middle of the circle of willing beauties, casting contemptuous glances at four roosters who stood disconsolately aside, deserted by their wives.

"Now ye'll see some fun," exclaimed Mr. Finn. "Thim roosters are not going to lose all their hins without a fight, and we'll see if there's any back-bone in ould Wooden Leg. Look, look! There comes O'Brien's rooster."

Sure enough, the joust had begun. O'Brien's rooster and Wooden Leg were facing each other with extended necks. The first clash of arms—or, rather, feet—resulted in the destruction of the pink ruff; but in the second encounter the baking-powder lid struck O'Brien's fowl full in the face and caused it to turn a summersault. Getting upon its feet again, the rooster turned tail and ran under the currant bushes.

This signal defeat caused a great flutter among the hens and a chorus of approving yells from the Finns, while the victor planted his sword firmly in the ground and crowed until the valley rang. Encouraged by his success, Wooden Leg fiercely attacked the other roosters, who made a feeble stand for an instant, one of them securing a mouthful of paint and feathers from Wooden Leg's breast. The piece of tin glittered like a mirror in the sunlight, dazzling the eyes of the roosters. Its ragged edges cut like a scythe as it swept through the air, propelled by the muscular leg of the feathered Saladin, until all of his adversaries took to flight, and he was left, like Alexander Selkirk, monarch of all he surveyed, his right there was no rooster to dispute.

Twilight had fallen when the battle ended. There were crimson spots upon the green waistcoat of the victor, and the moil of battle had sadly interfered with the symmetrical colors of his coat. Besides, in the last assault his wooden leg had become detached and had flown over the fence into the adjoining yard. But as he stood aside upon one leg, erect and masterful, although sadly rumped and disheveled, to permit the hens to enter the door of the lath seraglio, Mrs. Finn exclaimed, admiringly:

"Begorra! he has plinty o' sweethearts now. He's like the man in the Bible. He has twenty wives and thirty-five porcupines!"

### The Kaiser's Pancakes.

THE CHIEF STEWARD AND SOME OF THE OTHERS WHO MAKE LIFE ON A GREAT STEAMSHIP AS COMFORTABLE AS POSSIBLE TO THE PASSENGERS.

By C. FRANK DEWEY.

MANY of our readers have doubtless stood on the Plaza di San Marco in Venice, or at St. Paul's in London, and watched with evident pleasure, as I have often done, the feeding of hundreds of pigeons, those peaceful dwellers of attics and church-

of ailments sufficient for an additional chapter to a medical dictionary, waiting, as it were, for Neptune's frisky capers as a reasonable excuse to criticise the captain, the ship, and the chief steward in particular. The latter is thus compelled to stand the brunt of trouble, for, of all officials on board "the swimming town," the head steward is ever accessible. A leader of this category is unquestionably Mr. A. Rabien, chief steward on the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*. Like his good ship, which leads all others afloat, Mr. Rabien is a representative of his guild, possessing many accomplishments. He is not only a practical *hôte* and a fine *chef*, but he is also a clever psychologist and a fine linguist. Let us listen to his tale as he unbossed himself to the writer recently, as follows:

"We carry in season nearly five hundred first-class passengers, and almost as many more in the second cabin, representative people all, and good livers. To provide for their wants, to suit



CHIEF-STEWARD HERR A. RABIEN.

the different temperaments of a congregation hailing from all directions, and to accomplish this in the somewhat limited space of a 'swimming hotel,' dependent, too, on such assistance as we may find within ourselves, is not a walk-over. As a rule we have a cosmopolitan list of wealthy passengers who doubtless enjoy every comfort, and frequently extravagant ease, at home. Many of these board the ship expecting similar provision at sea. Few realize the radical changes, such as climate, limitations of space, force, variety, etc., and the equally important fact that even the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* cannot well replace a magnificent American hotel. Moreover, these strangers, who have possibly never met before, seldom leave their idiosyncrasies behind, and, as is common in human cussedness, become more pronounced after we have left the shore. The physical limitations at sea ought to remind us 'to bear and forbear.' You are here to stay, at least until the next landing.

further deliberation is interrupted by the next, who exclaims, somewhat emphatically: 'Say, my cabin is too small. Why, the agent in Kalamazoo assured me of "a square room with a bay-window,"' etc.

"Another complains of 'a want of southern exposure,' while yet another cannot sleep because of 'the screw'; he wants it stopped right away. There are all sorts of disappointments and impossible expectations to be reckoned with, which increase as the ship begins to dance a Strauss waltz or a Hungarian polka. I do my best to explain the divers advantages of an ocean trip—the unobstructed view, the absence of mosquitoes, and the picture of prancing whales, to say nothing of the privilege for every passenger to cast his bread—even our bread—on the troubled waters, together with a final cure if they will remain on deck.

"Next comes the battle of 'plates and spoons,' somewhat different from the battle of flowers at Nice. Notwithstanding the fact that our menu surpasses Delmonico's in variety, that our *chef* and his dozen assistants are recognized masters in epicurean art, and notwithstanding our valuable supplies, both in quantity and quality, together with a really long list of rare wines at very reasonable prices, some travelers become discontented in a rough sea, and even our pancakes, which, as a rule, will cure even a broken heart, fail to settle a fickle stomach. The isolation at sea, its consequent idleness and want of variety, cause a nervous temper to chafe in spite of itself. To study human nature at sea, to accommodate ourselves to everybody's particular wants, to play host, weather-prophet, spiritual adviser and philanthropist, ay! even confidant to the young lady 'whose appetite is coming back,' and who begs for just another portion of 'that awfully nice pudding,' is our duty and a pleasure. Ours may not be the privilege to court *mal de mer*, nor can we indulge in the luxury of a regular meal at sea. The entire staff is on the alert 'from shore to shore,' ever anxious to serve and please, that our patrons may not say adieu at parting, but smile on us a hearty 'Auf Wiedersehen.'"

Mr. Rabien is the missing link between the company and the captain at sea. He is ever in evidence, as, indeed, are all chief stewards—of the North German Lloyd—and with Argus eyes he watches over the travelers' wants—from a particular dinner in honor of my young lady friend "who turns nineteen summer-to-morrow," down to a pair of hot curling-irons wanted in her state-room. It is safe to assume Mr. Rabien has seen life in all its phases. He has personally adjusted the bed for the young Kaiser during the latter's visit to this incomparable ship a year ago, and, by the way, he came very near stepping on royal corns while explaining the scientific intricacies of his culinary arrangements. The Kaiser, I am told, appeared much interested in the dish-washing apparatus, but paid even greater attention to the crisp, aromatic pancakes which, in honor of his presence, were marked "Made in Germany," and of which he appeared particularly fond.

The value of a good service at sea is almost inestimable, for it is under these changed conditions we need it most. Yet how seldom do we pause to consider the continuous service of our steward—of any steward—at sea, whose work is never done yet always tendered cheerfully, and performed without a growl or a scowl. He answers our bell in spite of the raging storm or huge waves. He rises without the lark, but equally early, and is the last to retire. In short, he must be well and cheerful when it is our privilege to be ill and glum. These quiet heroes assist our appetite with music at dinner, and entertain us with concerts amid ocean. Ever deferential, modest, and sincerely appreciative of any acknowledgment on our part, I can conceive of no factor on board ship more deserving of our recognition than the chief steward and his staff.

Another very important feature in the exemplary administration of this huge organization is its thorough discipline on landing at the dock in Hoboken. Under the very efficient eye of Captain Möller, superintendent on the pier of the North German Lloyd in Hoboken, passengers and their luggage are expedited on arrival with marvelous speed. It is not my purpose to praise any particular line in excess of its deserts, and I freely admit that many commendable features may also be found on similar transatlantic liners. But it is an acknowledged fact that the management of the Lloyds' fine docks in Hoboken is almost perfect. The landing of passengers, discharge and examination of luggage, however voluminous, and its immediate forwarding through divers express agencies, or a temporary storage, if required, with the company's baggage-master, Mr. William Meyer, himself a practical man with ideas, and a thorough disciplinarian, ever present and ever ready, is accomplished with surprising speed, which almost always excites admiration and has frequently enabled the arriving passenger to determine the hour of reunion with his family in this city or beyond.

### Favorite Haunts of Travelers.

SOME OF THE BEST-KNOWN ENTERTAINERS OF AMERICAN VISITORS TO EUROPE'S LEADING FASHIONABLE RESORTS.

By C. FRANK DEWEY.

THE itinerant flow toward Europe is now at its apogée, and the largest number, by far, will pass through the principal gateway, which is London. The familiar haunts in England's capital so well known to the American tourist still retain their original complexion in spite of recent innovations, chiefly intended to increase the comfort and pleasure of liberal Americans. Now sumptuous hotels, fashioned largely on the American plan, rear their stately heads in the busy Strand, around Charing Cross, and in Brook Street, yet many of us will regret the absence of those familiar faces who have educated London gourmets to an epicurean degree, and whose incomparable management has ever provided Americans with the fullest measure of comfort.

The king of European *hôtels*, or, to do him justice, the leader in the profession anywhere, Monsieur Cesar Ritz, whose masterly genius induced the cream of society (from royalty down) to come from distant parts to live and dine under his management in England's capital; he who has been favored as no other has been before him by his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales; her Grace, the Duchess of Devonshire; and aristocracy generally, to say nothing of our own social and financial stars—this consummate strategist and *maestro* has retired to



DINING IN MID-OCEAN—427 FIRST-CLASS PASSENGERS DINING IN THE GRAND SALON OF THE "KAISER WILHELM DER GROSSE."

steeples, those unpretentious boarders who feed on one course and never ask for a change of diet. Yet how extravagant, ay, even pretentious, is the human gourmet, on land or at sea. Accomplished *hôtels* are compelled to provide wonders for him on *terra firma*, and occasionally have received fitting acknowledgment in the press of both continents, yet no one, I believe, has ever given a thought to an equally deserving and accomplished class of caterers whose labor, under less agreeable circumstances, runs in a similar direction—I mean the chief stewards and their staff on the great transatlantic liners, whose sole object in life, it would appear, is "to play many parts in a single journey," and produce contentment and pleasure to a traveling public.

Many passengers board the ship with a logged liver and a list

"Without trespassing on your doubtless valuable space," he went on, chattily, "let us take, for instance, the first and last chapter in a journey across the Atlantic. The ship has barely pulled out, and a thousand delicate hands are still waving perfumed handkerchiefs in a final farewell to a sea of upturned faces on the dock, when the major portion of our passengers line up in front of my office. Aware of the coming ordeal, I have resolved to meet all with a smile and a 'yes,' chiefly because the word 'no' is not in our company's vocabulary. 'I want to see you just a minute,' says the first, and, taking him at his word, intuitively I look down the line, perhaps three hundred strong, and mentally calculate three hundred wants of a minute each, with a possible margin of fifteen seconds now and then. This will require more than six hours, and possibly the busiest portion of the day, but



his retreat in gay Paris, content, for a brief period at least, to recuperate from the arduous labors of managing a dozen of Europe's leading hotels—from London to Rome. In the mercantile capital of France, at the Place Vendôme, thrives and blossoms his latest *fantasie*, the Hotel Ritz. Being next door to the Ministry of Justice, it is, as a matter of course, on its best behavior; within, however, all is animation and poetry, distinguished by appointments largely copied after the prevailing fashions of the Faubourg St. Germain. There is not an overabundance of elbow-room in this small paradise, and it is not impossible for an American democrat to enjoy the privilege of stepping on royal corns, or elbowing a beautiful princess (for all princesses are beautiful). With rare incision he manages to surround his guest with absolute quiet while at table; because he is a faithful believer in the old rule that

At meals no access to the indiscreet:  
All are intruders on the wise who eat.  
In that blest hour, your bore the veriest sinner!  
Nought must disturb a man of worth—at dinner.

Some say that this is not original; that there is an example in the Bailly of Suffren, who, being in India, was waited upon by a deputation of natives while he was at dinner. "Tell them," said he, "that the Christian religion peremptorily forbids every Christian, while at table, to occupy himself with any earthly subject except the function of eating." The deputation retired in the profoundest respect at the exceeding devotion of the French general. Be this as it may, the result has proved the wisdom of this rule, which is but a part of his varied accomplishments.

Monsieur Ritz is recuperating in his beautiful hotel at the



MONSIEUR RITZ.

Place Vendôme, and with him is the modern Epicurus, Maître d'Hôtel Escoffier, whose epicurean creations have delighted the third empire, who understood as no other how to tickle the palate of England's aristocracy, and whose scholars now perpetuate his fame in different parts of Europe. "Qu'un cuisinier et un mortel divin!" to quote a well-known writer on dining. "Why should we not praise his knowledge in cookery?"

It is the soul of festivity at all times, and to all ages. How many marriages have been the consequence of meeting at his dinners? How much good fortune has been the result of a good supper? At what moment of our existence are we happier than at table? Here our wants are satisfied, our minds and bodies invigorated, and ourselves qualified for the high delights of love, music, poetry, dancing, and other pleasures; and is he whose talents have produced these happy effects to rank no higher in our consideration than merely the *maitre d'hôtel*?

There is still a third member of this triumvirate, whose name is not only a household word in the British capital, but who counts thousands of our representative citizens among his friends. This is Chevalier Echenard, a wine connoisseur par excellence, and a diplomat of no ordinary degree. It is difficult to name a comparison to this many-sided gentleman, whose talents have been recited in the press of both continents. Like Monsieur Ritz, he is a man of uncommon ability, both in a linguistic and professional sense, large minded, and generous to a fault. His preference for Americans is an open secret in London and Paris, and but for his large interests at home he would ere this have visited this country. For a brief period as it were, he has retired to his palatial house, "the Grand Hôtel du Louvre et de la Paix," in Marseilles. This vacation, however, will soon be over, and we shall see them all again in the royal lobbies of Monsieur Ritz's latest wonder—"The Carlton," at Haymarket and Pall Mall, which promises to become a centre for the refined society of both continents.

Without exception the European *hôte* is an academic Lucullus. He has served a long and arduous apprenticeship, and enlarged his knowledge by practical experience in travel. He is familiar with every phase of the routine, and not infrequently rises superior to occasion and duty. The majority of these truly self-made men have risen to affluence and social eminence. Their descendants, however, have grown up under more favorable auspices, but their education, in a similar direction, has been equally rigid and thorough. Among the foremost of these, who has come into possession of a large estate, is Herr Mühlberg, present owner of the Grand Hôtel de Rome, opposite the imperial palace in Berlin. Mr. Mühlberg is an ex-officer of the Imperial Guard, a university man, and a gentleman. A thorough linguist, he is quite at home in English, and his house, one of the most ultra-fashionable in Berlin, enjoys a select

clientèle of Anglo-American society. Mr. Mühlberg comes of a well-known literary family on his maternal side, and his brother is chief editor of a prominent daily paper in Munich.



HERR MÜHLBERG.

Director Matthai, of the magnificent Kaiserhof, is another example of the result of genius and industry. As a man of sterling integrity, and possessed of life's greatest virtue—patience—he has steadily risen to a high position of honor and responsibility in the Kaiser's community. It is no small item to be intrusted with the entire management of the sumptuous Kaiserhof, a full description of which our readers will find in



HERR KRACHT.

another column, and the equally elegant hotel at picturesque Heringsdorf—a famous summer resort on the North Sea shore. With consummate ability he manages both houses, to the evident satisfaction of his guests and shareholders. I could easily swell this list and not exhaust the line of worthy pioneers and their progeny, but I must content myself with a few examples only—as, for instance, Herr Kracht, the accomplished proprietor of the Baur au Lac, in Zurich. Doubtless many of our readers will recall his genial face, and his dream of a hotel in the industrial city of Switzerland. Mr. Kracht is a university man, and like most German students (he is a native of Cologne) has been officer in the Kaiser's army. His ever growing trade, both in Zurich and Cologne, has not lessened his sporting propensities, and although he is ever the genial *hôte*, his leisure hours are spent in literary salons and clubs. Mr. Kracht enjoys the blessing of a refined home, and is one of the most public-spirited citizens of Zurich.

It is but a step, as it were, from Zurich to the city of hotels and lakes—Luzern, immortalized in song and poetry. The sturdy Swiss character is most prominently typified by the regal proportions and commanding situation of the



MR. OSCAR HAUSER.

Schweizerhof, by far the leading hotel—or, more properly, a continuation of hotels, for it covers an entire block. In keeping with the reputation of this palatial house is the personality and character of its owners, Messrs. Hauser Frères, who succeeded to the management some years ago. Albeit young in years, and cradled in the lap of luxury, they have served a rigid apprenticeship supplemented by extensive travel abroad. The subject of the accompanying picture, Mr. Oscar Hauser, is a typical Swiss gentleman, has crossed our continent and become familiar with American wants. He is a fine linguist, and a broad-minded business man. It would be unjust to overlook those pioneers of Tyrol, like Herr Landsee, of the Tyrolean Hof, at Innsbruck, and Herr Josef Rohrer, of the Germania Hotel, at Toblach, that beautiful spot in the Pusterthal (valley), a fine linguist and scholar. Many others have carved out their own fortune, and have acquainted the outside world with the beauties of their Alpine country. There is also a younger generation, like Director Haertter, of the Bayerischer Hof, the largest and most opulent hotel in Munich; Herr Bezoldt, the accomplished manager of the latest dream in the Bavarian capital—the Hôtel de Russie; Herr Eisenmenger, manager of the Grand Hotel Royal, the leading house in Bonn on the Rhine, where the present Kaiser used to spend the leisure hours during his university days. Herr Director Eisenmenger, like Director Haertter, is a thorough English scholar with a *penchant* for American ideas and customs. Equally enthusiastic for American ideas is the popular Director Hermann Schlenk, who was manager of the German Village at the Chicago world's fair, and whose name is still remembered by thousands on this continent. Mr. Schlenk has frequently contemplated a final return to this country, but as often has he been detained by inviting propositions in his native land. He now guides the destiny of the Grand Hotel Victoria, at Interlaken, and his accomplishments and executive ability have filled the house, to the delight of its proprietors.

These and many more, equally deserving, as, for instance, Herr Director Wehrhahn, manager of the Grand Hôtel de l'Europe, the finest house in Hamburg, whose name is known throughout Europe; Herr Director Auer, now the successful manager of the Kölner Hof, in Cologne; but even better known as the particular *hôte* who, a few years ago, had taken care of Mr. Stern and family, of New York, up to the latter's uncalculated expulsion from Kissingen Spa. There is M. François, of the Hotel Continental, in Paris; M. Illitsch, of the Bristol, the leading house in Budapest, etc. These are but a few of the long and

deserving list which shall receive mention in a future review on this subject.

### The Road to Apia.

(Lieutenant Lansdale, while retreating before a large force of Samoan rebels, was wounded below the knee and could not retreat with his comrades. Ensign Monaghan refused to leave him and save his own life, but, seizing a rifle from a disabled man, made a brave defense against a horde of rebels, until both the American officers were slain by the savages.)

THE sunny road to Apia  
Is strewn with blossoms wide,  
But many a savage foe lurks hid  
Within the jungle-side.  
'Twas there the gallant Lansdale stood,  
One bygone April day,  
When unseen hordes cut off from view  
The war-ships in the bay.  
"Halt! Halt!" he cried. "Stand, lads, and fire!  
What reck it how or when  
We die, so that they tell at home  
We died like fighting-men!"  
His eyes grew dim, yet still beheld  
Within that fated zone  
His brave men falling at his feet,  
Till one man stood alone.  
And that was Ensign Monaghan.  
Across his cheek he felt  
The fire; but in his veins there leaped  
The red blood of a Celt.  
"Good-bye!" said Lansdale's feeble voice—  
His ensign heard him not;  
He, too, was passing with his chief  
Before that rain of shot.  
So died this band. What flag can droop  
On foreign shores or seas;  
What shield be lost to history  
Upheld by men like these?  
Stay for an hour, oh, loving hands,  
That weave the victor's crown,  
And raise a stone where Lansdale fell  
And Monaghan sank down!

JOHN JAMES MEEHAN.

### Franklin's Largest Statue.

PHILADELPHIA is about to commemorate her distinguished citizen in a statue worthy of the man and the sculptor. It has been a reproach to the city that Benjamin Franklin has until now been without a distinct monument. In that city of his scientific and literary triumphs are many institutions associated with his memory. At least two minor statues have been erected to him, one on the Ledger building and the other on the Philadelphia Library, which he founded. At a dinner given in Philadelphia a few years ago, the absence of a conspicuous and costly public monument to Franklin was incidentally touched upon,



when Mr. Justus C. Strawbridge resolved to remove the stain from the city's name. He gave an order, *carte blanche*, to the distinguished Philadelphia sculptor, Mr. John J. Boyle, the consummation of whose work is indeed gratifying.

Mr. Strawbridge's generous gift evinces artistic discrimination as well as true civic spirit. Mr. Boyle's statue fulfills the fundamental requirement of a public statue to a distinguished man. He has made a portrait that every one will recognize. It is not only a living portrait, but a work of monumental art, large, dignified, and imposing, that will forever enrich the city where Franklin lived and died. The location of the statue on the broad plaza of the post-office, at Ninth and Chestnut streets, is happily chosen, for there it was that Franklin is said to have made his historic kite experiment, and where he afterward was instrumental in erecting the University of Pennsylvania.

### For a Nerve Tonic Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

DR. H. M. HARLOW, Augusta, Maine, says: "One of the best remedies in all cases in which the system requires an acid and a nerve tonic."

### Always the Same.

THERE never is any change in the superior qualities of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. In delicate flavor, richness, and perfect keeping qualities it can be guaranteed. It has stood first for forty years. Avoid unknown brands.





GRANT, UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, WHILE WINNING THE TWO-MILE RUN, ANXIOUSLY LOOKING FOR HIS CLUB-MATE TO COME UP.



THE DECISIVE MOMENT IN THE HALF-MILE RUN—CREGAN, OF PRINCETON, SPRINGS TO THE LEAD.

### The Intercollegiate Games.

SEVEN THOUSAND SPECTATORS WITNESS THE SPLENDID OUT-DOOR CONTESTS.

SEVEN thousand spectators cheered the gallant representatives of the University of Pennsylvania at Manhattan Field when, out of 143 points, they made fifty-seven. The occasion was the intercollegiate athletic games, and so keen were the contests that they aroused the greatest enthusiasm among the devotees of physical culture. Beautiful weather favored the contestants, but at the risk of being hypercritical it must be said that the track was not quite so good as it might have been. The large attendance of women demonstrated the interest that American damsels take in gentlemanly sport.

On the first day (May 26th) all the visitors were surprised by the marvelous showing of Alvin C. Kraenzlein, who hails from Milwaukee, Wisconsin. This muscular apostle made a new

world's record in the running broad jump, surpassing his former champion effort of twenty-four feet three and one-half inches made on April 27th. As a matter of fact deserving to be chronicled, Kraenzlein actually cleared twenty-four feet nine and seven-eighths inches, but he fell back and was allowed only twenty-four feet four and one-half inches. This, however, is the world's record, the next best being that of W. J. M. Newbern, who jumped twenty-four feet one-half inch. This was a trial heat only, as were the 120-yards and the 220-yards hurdle races, which Mr. Kraenzlein also won. The jump of Kraenzlein gave the Quakers the first five points, and at the close of the first day's games they felt sure of victory, while Yale and Harvard were battling for second place.

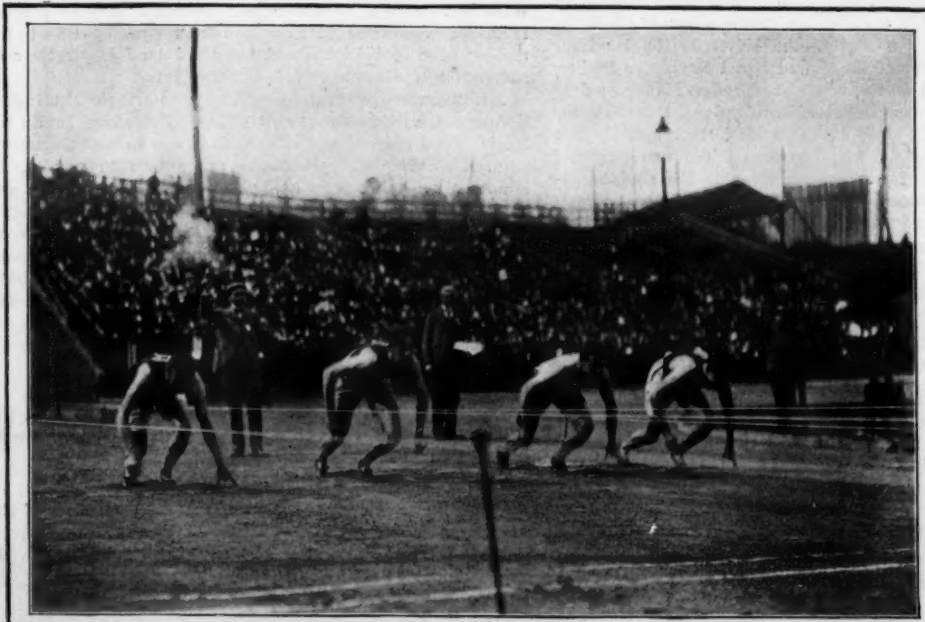
On the second day the star of Pennsylvania was again in the ascendant, Kraenzlein, Tewksbury, McCracken, Grant, and Baxter rolling up nine first prizes out of a total of thirteen. Harvard beat Yale for second place, taking twenty-eight points to Yale's twenty-two and one-half. Princeton was fourth with eleven points to ten made by Syracuse. Columbia tied Cornell

with five points, while Williams scored three, Georgetown one, and Haverford one-half. Kraenzlein equaled another record in the high-hurdle race—that of Chase, of Dartmouth, made five years ago, the figure being fifteen and three-fifths seconds. Equally memorable was the achievement of "Maxie" Long, of Columbia, who knocked one-tenth of a second off the intercollegiate record of G. B. Shattuck, of Amherst, made in 1891.

In the two-mile run Alexander Grant, of Pennsylvania, did himself proud, winning easily in ten minutes three and two-fifths seconds, and by sheer force of example encouraging his college chum, E. A. Mechling, to come in second. The "bicycle face" is said to be something appalling, but the camera never took anything so fierce and weird as the expression of Alexander Grant just before the finish of the two-mile run. The general verdict of athletes is that the Quakers are wonders. And as all their champions, with the exception of Tewksbury, who won the 100 and 220-yard runs, are eligible for next year, the University of Pennsylvania has a capital chance of retaining her superiority.



LONG, OF COLUMBIA, WINNING THE 440-YARDS DASH.



THE CRACK OF THE STARTER'S PISTOL—THE CONTESTANTS READY TO SPRING FOR THE LEAD IN THE 100-YARDS DASH.



\* KRAENZLEIN, OF PENNSYLVANIA, THE INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMPION HURDLER AND BROAD-JUMPER.

Photographs by J. C. Hemment.



### Coney Island Swept by Fire.

DECORATION DAY at Coney Island was a carnival of sorrow. The gracious beauty of the morning had sufficed to draw the crowds from the world east of the Bowery and west of Seventh Avenue, in spite of the fire which had destroyed nearly all of Bowery-by-the-Sea. But the spirit which animated the ladies and gentlemen of Hell's Kitchen and Cherry Street was the spirit of mourners at a funeral. Hour after hour they stood gazing sadly upon the ruin of the spot which to them had embodied the sum of all earthly happiness.

In the general destruction of the Bowery, with an aggregate loss of \$500,000, there vanished two resorts which had enjoyed a reputation extending far beyond the limits of Coney Island. It was in Stauch's dancing-pavilion that Mike and Mamie exchanged the vows that ended in the customary two rooms on the fifth floor of a tenement-house. Henderson's concert-hall, where there were good negro variety shows of the rough-and-ready kind, attracted all Thompson Street and a large part of the river-front population.

And in company with Stauch's and Henderson's have disappeared about a hundred minor resorts, and among them many of the dens in which the sailor on shore or the countryman venturing into New York generally left the greater part of his cash and jewelry.

The caterers for the pleasure of the poor are at least brave in misfortune. Already the work of rebuilding the Bowery has begun, and the builders insist that the new streets and buildings may be completed before the end of July and in time to gather the money that comes with the last six weeks of the summer season. The project to build a park along the sea-front, with graveled walks and kiosks and prim flower-beds, meets with ridicule by those who know Coney Island and its ways.

"That idea of the park wouldn't work for a cent," said one



CONEY ISLAND SWEEPED BY FIRE—CLEARING THE DÉBRIS IN THE MIDST OF THE RUINS.



CROWDS ON THE DOCK AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE "REINA MERCEDES."

ex-caterer, standing, like Caius Marius, amid the ruins. "It's all them church cranks with their goody-goody ideas, and I suppose they'd want to give us asphalt walks and imitation trees, with 'Keep off the grass' here and 'Wipe your feet' there, and them there sheds with buns and milk and sarsaparilla. Say, Coney Island would be left to itself. The people won't be dictated to as to what they shall do and what they sha'n't do. They ain't kids."

The work of the flames means less of employment and starvation to many thousand poor people—waiters, waitresses, "barkers," "runners," and others who through the months of summer find their only means of livelihood in this place. Some idea of the magnitude of the business transacted on the Bowery during the hot weather may be gathered when it is stated that the total loss to the employed in wages and to the employers in revenue will not fall far short of \$1,000,000.

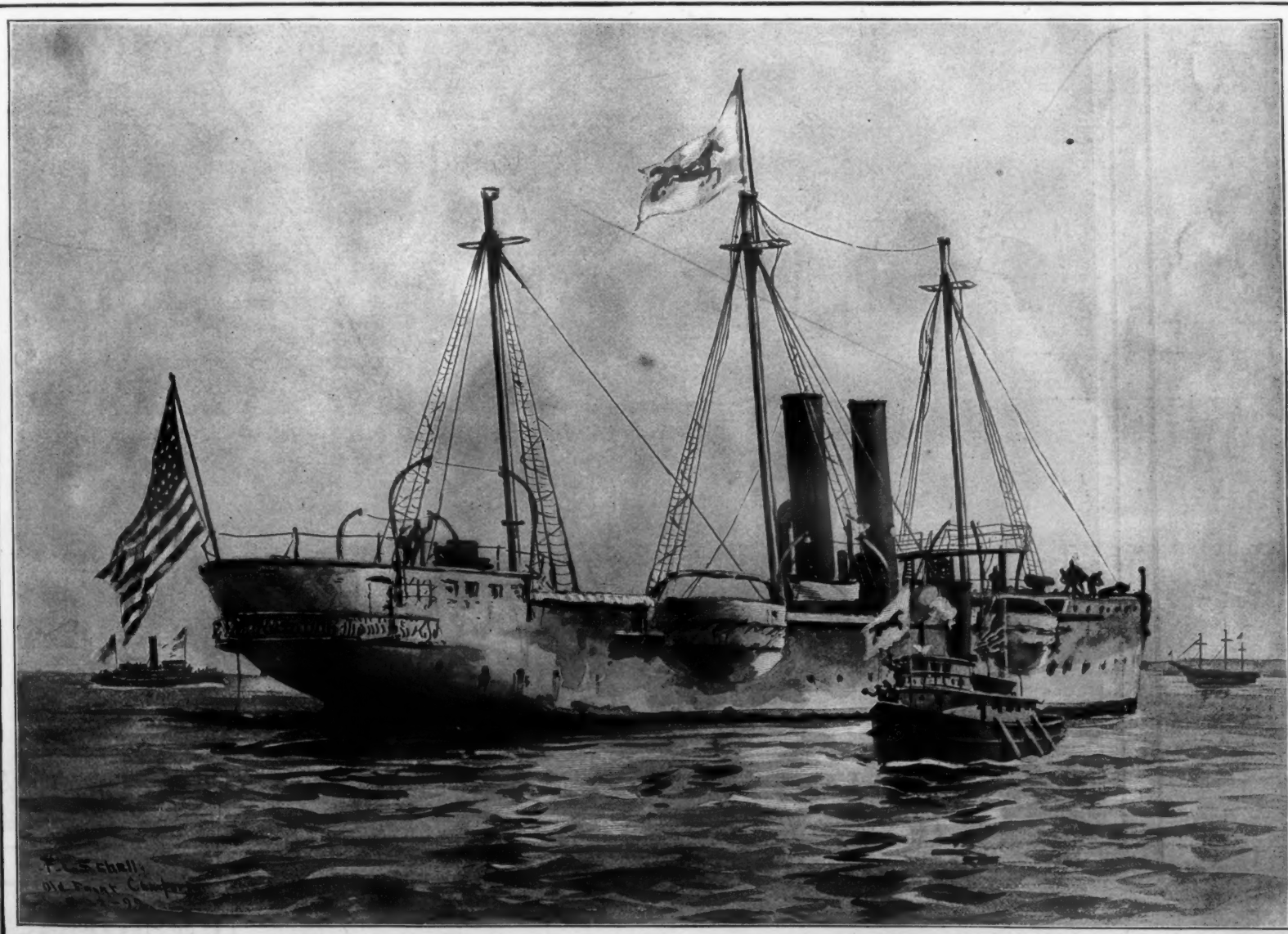
S. S.

### A Valuable Prize.

THE "REINA MERCEDES" IN OUR NAVY—SHE WILL NOW FIGHT FOR UNCLE SAM.

THE stars and stripes now float over the *Reina Mercedes*, the only large vessel of Admiral Cervera's fleet that the wrecking experts have been able to raise and save for the service of Uncle Sam. After months of work lifting her out of her inglorious resting-place in Santiago harbor, the Merritt Wrecking Company has towed her North, and she is now at the Norfolk Navy Yard, where she will receive new guns and

(Continued on page 475.)



THE LATEST ADDITION TO OUR NAVY—THE FORMER SPANISH CRUISER, THE "REINA MERCEDES," AS SHE APPEARED ON HER ARRIVAL AT HAMPTON ROADS.





IT'S NOT ALWAYS TH BU  
BRAVE HEARTS THAT SHRINK FROM NO DANGERS IN WAR ARE TENDER





AYS TH BULLETS THAT KILL.  
S IN WAR ARE TENDERLY TOUCHED BY VISIONS OF LOVED ONES AT HOME.



## Fitzsimmons the Fighter.

THE CHAMPION OF THE RING, WHO SAYS HE HATES PRIZE-FIGHTING, IS SORRY HE EVER LEFT HIS BLACKSMITH'S FORGE, AND LOVES HIS WIFE AND BABIES ONLY.

In a big barn at the rear of an angular little cottage in Bath Beach, New York, Robert Fitzsimmons, a loosely-knit, square-built, sandy-haired young man, with wrists that reach down to the knees, a pair of legs that are perhaps a thought too long, and the biggest shoulder and chest measurement ever seen in humanity, is busily making all needful preparations to set an extinguisher on the ambition of one Mr. James Jeffries, who, in the character of Lochinvar, proposes to appropriate the laurels now held by Mr. Fitzsimmons.

It is possible, but hardly probable, that there are those among the readers of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* who have never heard of Mr. Fitzsimmons. For their benefit, therefore, it may be explained that Mr. Fitzsimmons is a prize-fighter by profession, though not by inclination; that he holds the title of champion of the world, or, rather, that part of it which is bounded on either side of the Atlantic by a roped and staked inclosure measuring twenty-four feet; that he is champion by reason of his ability to impose an "innocuous desuetude" on any other man of his weight, and that he won the title and with it the right to wear the largest pattern of diamonds when he planted his little glove on the solar plexus of Mr. James J. Corbett, at Carson City.

Mr. Jeffries declares that he, and not Mr. Fitzsimmons, should wear the title of champion and the glory that goes with it, and that he will demonstrate his right to the title by the administration of his art on the anatomy of Mr. Fitzsimmons. Mr. Fitzsimmons smiles, says nothing, and goes on with his daily work of punching the bag, knocking his trainers into the four quarters of the barn used for practice with the gloves, and taking



ILLUSTRATING A KNOCK-OUT BLOW.



FITZSIMMONS IN TRAINING—CATCHING THE HEAVY "MEDICINE" BALL.



FITZSIMMONS, THE CHAMPION BOXER.

ten-mile runs in a sweater. It is not exactly a pretty smile, this smile of Mr. Fitzsimmons. It literally stretches from ear to ear; it sends a cold glint into the steel-blue eyes; it makes the hard, square pugilist's jaw a trifle harder; and to the man who happens to be facing him inside the twenty-four-foot ring it means much.

There is a tradition among the gentlemen of the short hair expressed thus: "When Fitz grins, look for the knock-out. It means that he has measured his man, that he has got him, and has settled just where he'll plant him." And it is due to Mr. Fitzsimmons to say that he has never yet failed to fulfill the professional expectations. It was noticed that he wore that smile at the close of the thirteenth round of the fight at Carson City. Mr. Corbett received his quietus in the fourteenth. And now, in the little cottage at Bath Beach, Mr. Fitzsimmons smiles and waits.

Scipio awaited the attack of Hannibal; Bruce waited at Bannockburn; Wellington waited at Waterloo; McClellan waited at Antietam; Mr. Fitzsimmons awaits Mr. Jeffries at Bath Beach!

"It is said," remarks Mr. Fitzsimmons, as, with a gentle touch of his right hand he sends the fifty-pound punching-bag hurtling through the air to the ceiling of the barn, "it is said by some people that I measure the knock-out blow before I send it home. Well, they're wrong. I don't measure the blow. I simply send it just where it will do the most good and finish him. No, I don't know that I've any particular preference for one blow more than another. Perhaps on the whole I rather like the jaw. Get it in straight on the right point of the jaw, and you can always be reasonably sure that your man will stay out for the ten seconds, and come back safe and well afterward. Sometimes, of course, he doesn't come back so quickly; sometimes he doesn't come back at all. But that, of course, is only one of the little accidents of the business."

It is Sunday, the day on which Mr. Fitzsimmons very properly chooses to rest a while from the labor of preparing to demolish Mr. Jeffries. "Not that I need heavy work," he remarks. "I keep myself in fair condition all the time." Light work, in Mr. Fitzsimmons's view, means a ten-mile run in the morning, an



THE CHAMPION AND HIS FAMILY "JEWELS."



FITZSIMMONS AND HIS WIFE OUT FOR A DRIVE.

hour of wrestling, another hour or so of bag-punching, and twelve fierce rounds fought with his assistants.

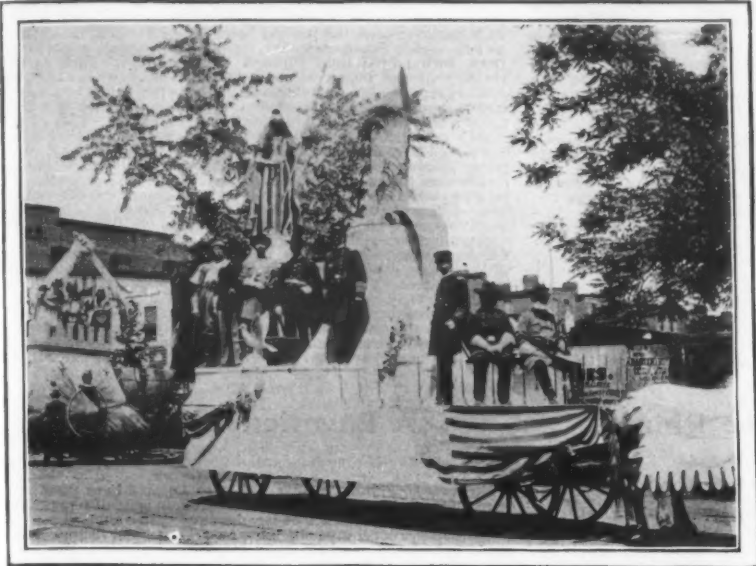
"We don't give love taps," says Mr. Fitzsimmons. "I make my men fight me all the time. It is the only way to train. But as I was saying just now, the jaw blow for a knock-out is professional, and the best. Of course, the solar-plexus hit is as good, or even better, but it is not safe. I tried it on Corbett and the results were entirely satisfactory. Yet I do not care to use it except when I cannot reach the jaw. I delivered the solar-plexus blow in this style. (Mr. Kenny, will you step this way for a moment? Gentlemen, this is Mr. Yank Kenny, my sparring partner.) Now! I parried a body blow from Corbett with my left hand, feinted with my right as if aiming at the jaw. Instead of landing on the jaw, I brought it round—corkscrew twist, so! and sent it to the body right over the heart—thus!"

Mr. Fitzsimmons then for the benefit of the visitors, illustrates the many and various methods of "getting home" on the gentleman who happens to be within reach. The left-hand shift beating down a guard followed by a delivery on the jaw, the graceful side step, together with the various methods of getting away from a blow, are illustrated with a certainty, an authority, and an ease that explain why and how Mr. Fitzsimmons attained eminence in his calling.

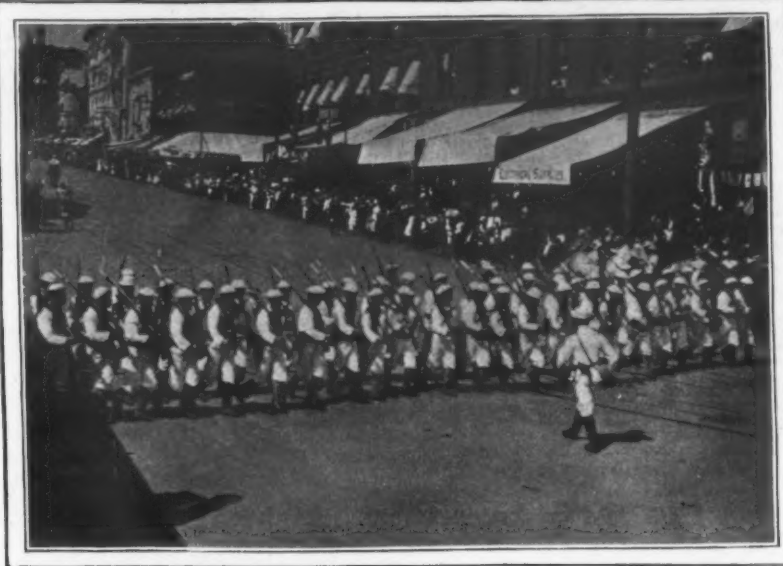
Asked to describe his sensations on entering the ring, Mr. Fitzsimmons replies: "I don't know that I have any sensations. I don't know exactly what you mean when you talk of sensations. Whether I knock my man out or whether he knocks me out would be a matter of indifference to me if it were not for the money. I have no ambition, no joy, no pride, no sentiment whatever about this whole thing. I never felt fear but once, and that was when I entered the ring with Corbett at Carson. My fear was that I should kill him, remembering that day at Philadelphia when he so brutally insulted me. But, thank God, I kept my temper through it all. Do you ask me why I am indifferent to pugilism and its glories—save the mark. There is your answer."

(Continued on page 475.)

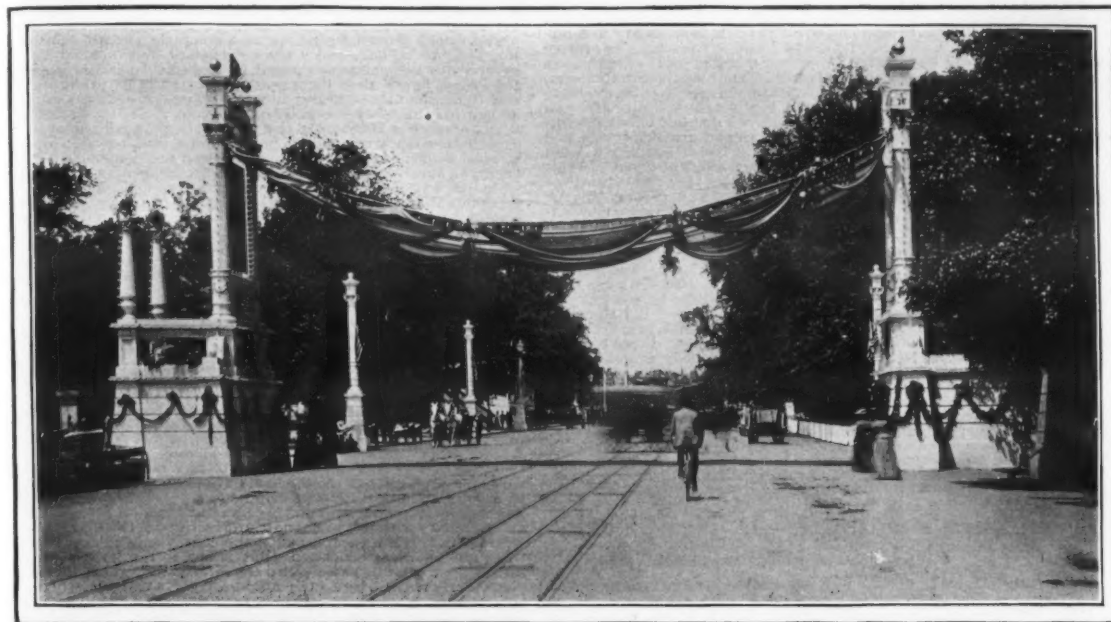




UNION FOREVER—VETERANS OF THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH UNITED IN DEFENSE OF COLUMBIA.



SAILORS FROM THE BATTLE-SHIPS LEADING THE PROCESSION OF FLOATS.



THE STATELY AND ORNATE COURT OF HONOR.

### Washington Peace Jubilee.

GREAT enthusiasm marked the peace jubilee in Washington on May 23d, 24th, and 25th. The city was gayly decorated on the three gala days, and the hundreds of thousands of participants in the celebration saw a fine military parade, a civic procession which was a gorgeous spectacle, and some of the finest displays of fireworks, illustrating the destruction of Cervera's fleet, ever seen in this country. The ceremonies on the first day were opened at sunrise by the national salute of thirteen guns and by a chorus of bells and whistles throughout the city.

Interesting episodes of the military parade on the first day were the unbounded enthusiasm with which General Wheeler, riding in a carriage, was received all along the line, and the applause, led by the diplomats, which greeted the playing of Sousa's new march, "Hands Across the Sea." The civic parade, consisting of many floats, was the feature of the second day. There was another large parade, representing events of American history, on the third day, and in the evening a masquerade ball at Conventional Hall. All of the parades were reviewed by President McKinley from the court of honor erected in front of the White House. On the last day Webster Davis delivered an open-air address on "The Heroes of Our Nation." He was followed by former Secretary of the Navy Herbert, who spoke on "The United Republic."



MAYOR VAN WYCK, OF NEW YORK, ON THE STAND BEFORE THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

### The Preservation of Spruce.

It is a well-established fact among lumbermen and among students of forestry generally the world over, that no common forest growth has a greater mercantile value, and none serves a wider range of practical uses, than the spruce of our northern latitudes. It figures as one of the leading items in the great lumber markets of northern Europe, where it has been exclusively used for many years in ship-building. In this country also, the spruce has long been a valuable feature of the lumber industry. But along with many other valuable timber products of the United States, the spruce is in great danger of extinction from the carelessness of settlers and the reckless work of lumbermen.

Special attention has recently been called to this subject by the studies and investigations of Mr. Gifford Pinchot in the spruce lands of the Adirondacks, a work undertaken at the instance and by means of the public spirit and wise liberality of Dr. W. Seward Webb, president of the Wagner Palace Car Company. The object of the investigations thus undertaken was to acquire such a knowledge of the laws governing the growth of the spruce as would make it easy and practicable to provide for successive crops of this timber after the first and succeeding growths had been removed. Mr. Pinchot's researches thus far have established or confirmed some valuable facts.

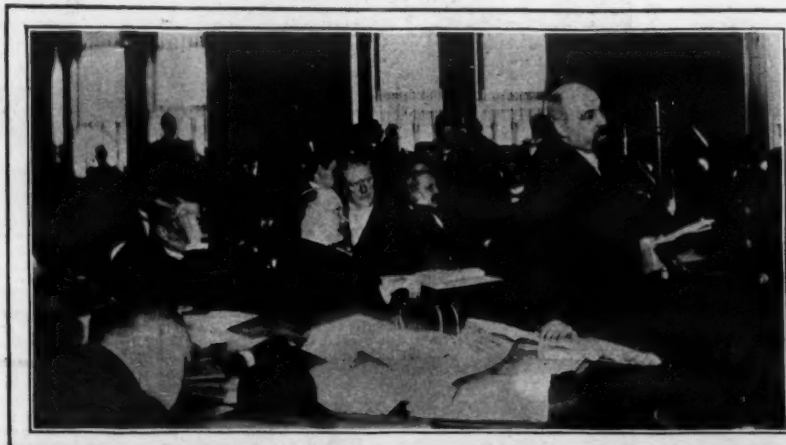
He has shown that the spruce is a tree of remarkable vitality and great reproductive powers, and that it will grow and thrive under the most untoward conditions. It is specially noteworthy for its ability to live under the crowns of other

trees, a trait known in forestry parlance as tolerance of shade. It is found also that this tolerance is not confined to the early life of the tree, but persists far into middle life. Specimens of spruce from 100 to 150 years old, and less than six inches in diameter, are said to be common. It is shown further that the spruce has a wonderful capacity to recover from long years of suppression, and grow almost or quite as vigorously and rapidly after they had ended as though all the conditions of its life had been favorable from the beginning.

A large part of Mr. Pinchot's labors were directed to ascertaining how far the growth of the spruce might be accelerated by thinning out a given area of heavy forest growth and giving the tree a better chance for development. A large number of acres at different points and under different conditions were experimented on for this purpose. The final result was to show that the spruce responded very promptly and generally to improved conditions. The percentage of trees whose growth was accelerated by the thinning-out process went as high as forty-two in some cases. The practical value of this experiment in the matter of the conservation of the spruce-timber industry lies in the fact that it shows that this forest product only needs a reasonable chance to grow and perpetuate its kind anywhere in our northern lands, and that there is no danger of its extinction here or elsewhere if the most ordinary care is taken.

### The World's Supply of Copper.

THE increased consumption of copper caused by the development of the electrical industry is in part responsible for the rapid rise in the price of that metal. In Germany, where the use of copper is very great, it has increased since 1892 by over eighty per cent., while the world's production of copper during that period has increased by but thirty-six per cent. The copper consumption of the United States is more than one-fourth of the copper production of the entire world, and the largest of any nation. The United States produces more than half the world's supply of copper, or about five times the aggregate production of Spain and Portugal, which come next. Then follow Mexico, Chili, Germany, and Australia. Other nations produce very little of the useful metal.



THE COUNSEL, FRANK MOSS, EXAMINING THE MAYOR.

### Investigating New York City.

THE investigation of the affairs of New York City by the special committee of the lower branch of the Legislature, known as the Mazet Committee, has attracted general attention, not so much because the developments thus far have been of unexpected value or importance, but mainly because the committee has called before it the leading representatives of the Tammany Democracy, including Richard Croker and Mayor Van Wyck. The latter made a good witness for himself and created something of a sensation by the vehemence with which he denounced an intimation that he was in collusion with a well-known pool-room keeper. It is just to the mayor to say that no evidence supported the intimation, and thus far no reason has been given for suggesting it. Mayor Van Wyck, as an experienced member of the Bar and a former judge of the court, had a keen realization of his rights as a witness and justly availed himself of them. He has been called ill-tempered, and it is surprising that he was not more so under the provocation he received while on the witness stand.



## Americans Crowd the Rue Royale.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

PARIS, May 10th, 1899.—It is next to impossible on a pleasant afternoon—and we have had a series of pleasant days recently—to pass along the Rue Royale, for the trottoir along the pretty shops which line this short street is congested with foreign sight-seers, principally Americans. Our countrymen fairly monopolize the entrance to the newly-opened and beautiful parlors of Lubin's world-famous perfumery establishment; and never tire, it would appear, of admiring the great assortment of rare essences and poudres which are still manufactured in the original laboratory in the Rue St. Anne, and supplied by extracts from flowers drawn from their own extensive gardens in Cannes. It is in the fragrant fields on the Riviera the present firm raise the flowers necessary to the varied preparations of extracts, oils, etc. In a century of undisturbed success, during which royalty and society have been their customers, this firm has ever maintained the name of its historic founder, and in spite of tumultuous competition it stands pre-eminent in the trade to-day. In a recent letter I have barely touched on its incomparable past, when, as early as 1808, Princess Pauline Borghese, the sister of Napoleon I., permitted Lubin the use of her name to a whole line of his perfumery, and which, curious to relate, continues in favor to this day. Not only success, but also honors, fell thick and fast on this enterprising firm. Soon after King George of England had named him perfumer to his court, the Emperor of all the Russians conferred upon him a similar title in 1833, which was kept by a similar distinction in 1895 from the Dauphine of France, and in 1894 by Queen Marie Amélie. As if to confirm the past, the present Cesar appointed Lubin perfumer to the court of all the Russians last summer. Strange to relate, notwithstanding these aristocratic favors, the present owners, Messrs. Paul Prot & Co., are particularly delighted to see Americans through their beautiful parlors in the new salesrooms recently arranged in the Rue Royale, midway between the Madeleine and the Place de la Concorde. "We have simply kept pace with the general cry, 'Westward ho!'" said one of the firm, a most engaging conversationalist, recently. "These sumptuous quarters, however extravagant they may appear, are none too good for a successful reputation of a century, and we are as proud of our record as are the descendants of the Mayflower."

But when keeping an eye to windward in our own country, we have long since recognized the refined tendencies of American society, and accordingly have established an agency in New York thoroughly equipped. If ever we get a chance we may buy a house there, and solely for our own use, because we have every confidence in the future of your great country. Meanwhile the beautiful rooms were fast filling up with smart American ladies from the resident colony, whose toilettes appeared to great advantage. Oliver Wendell Holmes has remarked that there was nothing which recalled to him a long-forgotten memory as a scent, the lingering fragrance of a pressed flower rustling from some neglected book, or the perfume of a bloom freshly plucked; and though the philosopher is dead, there is a scent about the house of Lubin which carries us back beyond the day of his birth, when the old chemist, carrying with him samples of choice perfumes and a snuff-box, visited the court a century ago. The original house in St. Anne Street still retains the old laboratory and the wonderful book of recipes in the clear, firm handwriting of the founder; the glass bottle, stained a rich amber color with age, wherein was kept the special powder used by the ladies of Josephine's court, a powder still retaining its refreshing fragrance, and among a lot of other mementoes there are the copper drums of old scents, made for the beauties and beaux of a past century. While the present firm have opened extravagant salesrooms in the Rue Royale, the manufacture continues in the old laboratory in St. Anne Street, where the imperishable perfume of the famous Essence of Jockey Club has impregnated the dark corners, the narrow stairs, the very bricks of the building, where in a delightful atmosphere are now at work famous chemists who have been with the firm for nearly half a century. Here, too, are made the wonderful Poudres pour la Toilette, which, grading up through the violet and rose to the satiny blanc de perle superfine, are known wherever feminine beauty enhances its charms; and the male exquisite finds equal consolation in the shaving-creams, the cosmetics, and the delicate waxes, which also bear Lubin's label. Fortunate, indeed, is the visitor who secures permission to inspect the laboratory in St. Anne Street.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

## Our Holiday Makers Abroad.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, June 3d, 1899.—Nothing is more remarkable among the many changes that have crept into this end of the century in England than the growing love for hotel life and its extravagant comforts. But half a century ago, it is safe to say, there were no hotels, as we understand the word, at all in London. In course of time, chiefly through the friendly interchange of nations, Englishmen got over their insular prejudices, and faced the fact that the *hôtels de luxe* was the future house of the coming race. Then began the great springing up of hotels in London, chiefly around and about Charing Cross. The Gordon Hotels Company, "leading off with a superb line of palatial hostilities in Northumberland Avenue, chief of which is the elegant and well-equipped *Hôtel Metropole*." "The Grand" has a highly favorable location, as I have explained in former letter, with a very large front facing Trafalgar Square, and "the Victoria," opposite, is perhaps the most popular house with Americans in London,

## The Imperial Court at Berlin.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

BERLIN, May 20th, 1899.—In the immediate vicinity of Berlin's diplomatic centre, at the historical Zietenplatz, stands the *Kaiserhof*, a fitting mate to the distinguished palaces which surround this square. If location counts for anything, and beautiful architecture enhanced by elegant interiors on a really sumptuous scale is at all deserving of praise, this *Imperial Court* is fully entitled to its pretentious name.

At a time when Berlin began to expand and progress with the energy of national pride and unity, a syndicate of enterprising capitalists ventured several million dollars on the erection of a beautiful hotel, which, in point of location, elegance, and comfortable arrangement, continues still *ne plus ultra*, and the objective point of the best visitors to the Kaiser's capital. Its very situation is unique. Occupying an entire square, with an unimpeded frontage on three streets and the historic Zietenplatz, it possesses the very rare advantage of "front rooms only," together with a majestic approach from which ever side you may choose. The main entrance in the Mohrenstrasse is unquestionably the most pretentious, although the Bohemian element prefer the bachelor entrance on the Zietenplatz, as it leads directly across this pretty park into the Wilhelm Strasse, the barometer of the nation's growth and prosperity.

There is one important feature in the structure of the *Kaiserhof* which will specially commend it to the favor of visitors, and that is, its absolute immunity from risk of fire. At a time like the present, when the terrible catastrophe of the Windsor Hotel, New York, is still fresh in our memories, the question of security from a similar calamity is one which must, properly and naturally, influence one's choice of a temporary abode. From its first inception the *Kaiserhof* has been designed and built so as to afford the most absolute protection from such a disaster. The whole structure is of brick, concrete, and steel or iron in case of concrete; even the floors are of concrete, and are none of them even covered with wood, except the wooden floor of the ballroom, which is laid on top of the concrete floor. There is practically no wood used in the construction of the hotel except the window frames, the ornamental paneling in the restaurant, and the ball-room floor. While freely adopting many good ideas from the great hotels of America, the promoters of the *Kaiserhof* determined to treat as a matter of the first importance the safety of their guests. Upon these principles, therefore, the hotel was erected, and it is, I believe, one of the few hotels on this continent of which it can be said that it is fire-proof. It is only just to the management to give special prominence to this fact, as the New York fatality has caused a certain amount of distrust to be engendered regarding the safety of other large hotels, and uneasy inquiries to be made as to whether adequate provision is made in Berlin hotels against a similar occurrence. Whatever may be the case in other hotels, it is certain that in the *Kaiserhof* no fear need be felt by even the most nervous of guests.

Being thus assured of the absolute safety of the inmates from fire, we may now glance at what is done for their comfort and accommodation. Not so very many years ago such a *hôtel de luxe* as the *Kaiserhof* would have been an impossibility in Berlin. But within the last couple of decades the advancement in taste and refinement has been wonderful. The *Kaiserhof* has not only met the demand for a higher style of hotel accommodation and catering, but has done much to create and lead it, and so has deservedly attained the position of being the acknowledged Mecca of all true gourmets, and a favorite haunt of the epicure and the connoisseur.

The hotel proper appears to best advantage from the Mohrenstrasse. On the very threshold of its vast lobby everything points to grandeur and affluence, and as we pass to the cozy reception-room, mirrored in all directions, we behold the rare picture of an *idyllic inner circle* in all respects unique and enchanting. Here, indeed, is Oriental ease in the far North. Here, too, is a sort of Roman court such as Octavius doubtless had. There is a picturesque balcony, and swinging flower-baskets encircle the court. Here are cozy tables for private parties of two and four,

but the *Metropole* contains all that a tourist can possibly wish, with a magnificent view on the Thames, at its most interesting turn. Incomparably beautiful from the upper floors is the view over the ever-broadening stream as it collects its mighty energies together for one last sweep seaward. Far up to the right the river curves through Westminster Bridge, past the Houses of Parliament, past Lambeth Palace, until it is lost in the silver distance of Surrey's undulating hills and the towers of Sydenham. There is no view like it in London; none that I know of in all Europe to match it. Whether glistening in sunlight, white with snow, or gleaming at nightfall with myriads of yellow lights, a scattered necklace of yellow topaz, the view from the *Metropole Hotel* is ever unique, and as immortal as the town itself.

After a careful inquiry into all that is best, even in our hotel palaces, the most desirable features have been adopted by the Gordon Hotels Company. Accordingly the kitchens in this hotel, as well as in "the Victoria," have been removed far from the living-rooms, and the latter arranged singly and in suites right up to the top; and those nearest the sky are just as spacious and elegant as those on the ground floor. The interior appointments assure unstinted comfort with much elegance, and this is particularly noticeable in the drawing-rooms, parlors, and dining-rooms. There is the coffee-room, a resort for smokers and billiardists, but as a rule this particular room, as well as a similar retreat in "the Victoria," but a few steps distant, is recognized rendezvous for American newspaper representatives, who congregate here almost nightly. The *Metropole* may justly be classed with the Waldorf-Astoria or Holland House, yet its tariff, strictly speaking, is considerably less, to say nothing of the fact that when at the "Metropole," "Victoria," or "Grand" you are actually in the heart of London, and yet far removed from the din and noise of the city.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

## "The Watch on the Rhine."

(From our Special Correspondent.)

COLOGNE, May 31st, 1899.—Father Rhine has put on his best holiday appearance for the benefit of America, whose first contingent of vacationists is already upon us. The picturesque boats sailing between Cologne and Mainz are always full, and frequently crowded, including many Anglo-Americans; for our countrymen are coming over in unusual numbers this season. It appears now as if New York had exported one-half of its population to Europe. Many of these will doubtless swell the narrow but very interesting streets of old Cologne, will rush about the town as is our nervous habit, and try to "do" this historical spot in a day, which is a mistake, of course. An experienced traveler is never in a hurry. Arriving at Cologne, for instance, he makes a bee-line for the *Hôtel Disch*, which is acknowledged the first and best, by all odds, in this cathedral city. It is necessary to familiarize yourself with the true, homelike spirit of the house, be greeted with a hearty welcome by the proprietor and his staff, which makes you feel as if you were one of the family. Your room is sure to please, for the furnishings and sumptuous arrangements, together with a faultless service, are fair indications of the pleasures in store for you at every turn. If you have an eye for art you'll notice handsome furniture in the halls as well as in the parlors and drawing-rooms, and your practical eye will soon discover that the house is replete with all the modern improvements familiar to New-Yorkers at home. In this pleasant humor you enter a dining-room, the very appearance of which engages your attention. It is cheerful and picturesque. A very affable and really educated waiter, in appearance a true exponent of the Epicurus school, serves the order with studious refinement and unflinching attention. Whether crowds fill this room or the grand banquet-hall, the attention is undiminished and your order is promptly filled. The culinary perfection of this house satisfies even the professional gourmet, and it is easy to guess that the large wine cellars of this grand and opulent hotel will satisfy the most expert wine connoisseur. Nor are you in a hurry to curtail the Horatian feast. Quiet and content, with a consciousness that you get your money's worth, begets a desire to prolong your stay. From the porter up, everybody speaks your language, everybody is anxious to please, and all this with *unmistakable sincerity*, for the small tip which these attendants richly deserve—a poor compensation at best, compared to the exorbitant expense at home, and for a service far inferior and frequently impertinent. As a matter of fact, you can enjoy the unrivaled comforts of the *Hôtel Disch*, which means all that the most fastidious can desire, and the expense of it will be fully by one-half less than for similar pleasures in New York.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

## Hamburg's Suburb—Is New York.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

HAMBURG, May 28th, 1899.—The great surprise in store for Americans next year is now in course of preparation under supervision of the Hamburg-American line—the giant steamer *Deutschland*, intended to encompass the Atlantic, as it were, for she means to beat every record for speed. The *Deutschland* intends, in part at least, to personify the pride of opulent Hamburg, and supplementary, as it were, several additional ships are in course of construction intended to direct a large share of American travel to this magnificent port, beginning with the first year in the new century.

In view of the constantly growing travel in this direction, largely a result of this steamship enterprise, the *Hôtel de l'Europe* has taken

and for cooling couples, or mysterious diplomats. Many an important state secret, or a policy of far-reaching import, has been discussed here by men of international renown, and many a fine "label" has been tried beneath the vari-colored glass dome, which disseminates a soothing light on the animated scene below. Immaculate linen, rare china, and hardly a plate without the ornament of a long-necked bottle containing an old vintage, enhanced by floral decorations and shaded lights—completes a scene sufficiently seductive to persuade even the most frugal monk.

The service of this house is justly famous for its fine discipline and excellence. Although Berlin is not without kindred establishments of equal merit I may safely say that none surpasses the *Kaiserhof*. But as every house has a "feature," and is characterized by some particular system, the experienced traveler will soon discover the advantages of this hotel which means deferential attention without intrusiveness, and absolute fairness in its tariff. The entire personnel is selected with great care, and almost every waiter is a graduate in his profession, perfected by travel and practical experience abroad. Hence all speak several languages, and chiefly English.

The attractions of the *Kaiserhof* are by no means confined to the "inner circle" alone. It is full of interest in almost every direction. The grand stairway, broad corridors, and roomy lobbies on each floor,

time by the forelock, and enlarged its capacity, with liberal appropriation and expenditure on the hotel proper. The exceptional location of this very beautiful house, with its sweeping front to the lake, "Alster," and the boulevard, and also in part facing the very centre of the town, justifies unstinted praise and admiration. It is at present, as it has ever been, the leading hotel here. The interior of the *Hôtel de l'Europe* indicates patrician style—large, roomy, of noble proportions, with ample light through large windows. Rich furnishings throughout the house, electricity and steam, together with all the subtle agencies of modern innovations have firmly established its prestige at home and abroad. The very beautiful dining-hall has seen many a noted epicure at its tables, for it is here the Senate of this old Hanse town has often enjoyed a Lucullan feast, and from royalty downward have feasted off the exceptional *cuisine* in this hotel. The pretty glass-roofed parlor, with palms and exotic plants, is a charming rendezvous, but more particularly under the multi-colored lights of an evening, when beautiful ladies and their smart escorts congregate here—a rare picture of elegance and refinement even to cosmopolitan New-Yorkers. The restaurant of the *Hôtel de l'Europe* is equally appreciated by experienced gourmets, for it has a famous chef, of the Escoffier school, whose name is well-known in clubs and society. Notwithstanding its high-class accommodations, the management has wisely graduated the tariff to suit all conditions and tastes, and accordingly everybody can feast or fast, as his inclinations and purse indicate. As a rule, seaport towns have few attractions for tourists, but Hamburg is an exception, for thousands come here to see its cosmopolitan life, the great races, and above all to enjoy fine sailing and yachting on the magnificent river Elbe.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

## A Bavarian El Dorado.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

MUNICH, May 21st, 1899.—In a former letter I have discussed the attractions of this fascinating town, which, in spite of repetition, ever exercises a subtle influence on stranger and native alike. I see around me new faces of constantly changing Anglo-American visitors, including prominent names, who have doubtless been here before. This evidence of appreciation sufficiently explains the unusual activity displayed in opening the *Hôtel de Russie* with universal acclaim. Few, indeed, not excepting the most fastidious of epicures, or a Waldorf-Astoria habitué, will have reason to criticize its attractions, or the comforts which await him. The clever architect has matured his unusual plans with unstinted liberality, and there is no doubt but it will compare most favorably with the best anywhere. In the foyer as well as in the grand salons everything points to a complete picture. The equally imposing dining-hall, under the influence of multi-colored lights, together with the palm-garden and its wonderful floral arrangements, the Bengal lights gleaming roguishly through large palms and ferns, and the cosmopolitan crowd in smart attire, presents a picture such as one may possibly see in Paris, London, and New York, but nowhere else. Nor is this all, for new surprises await us at every turn. The circular lobby resembles a petite bourse, intended "for everybody to meet everybody else." We now ascend the magnificent stairway or, if you like, by the swift elevator, reach the upper floors, all arranged with a view to ample space, both in corridors and in the very exceptional location of the *Hôtel de Russie*, facing two main streets, commands a large number of front rooms. Its furnishings are of a lively tone, and responsive to the greatest measure of cheer and comfort. The beds are simply superb, a prime condition with most travelers, and young married people in particular. I have known an old Holland couple who had appeared glum and apathetic throughout a long journey in Northern Europe until they reached Munich, and Munich beds, when a transformation came over them, and they became as frisky as children out of school.

The lighting and bathing facilities of the *Hôtel de Russie*, the subtle arrangements of heat and cold, together with a faultless service, will also be found in the list of its numerous advantages. But as the *cuisine* is ever a prime requisite it is announced that its restaurant will offer the most select and rare menu known to modern gourmets. The chef is, I believe, an Alsatian of the Escoffier school, famous for the world over. His artistic table decorations are said to have delighted royal fêtes, and increased the happiness of many a wedding feast. Indeed, the dinners at this hotel are already being looked forward to by the *élite* of Munich chiefly, I am told, on account of the excellent variety and quality of wines which have been selected for this hotel by a committee of wine experts. I must yet say a few words about its exemplary service. Under the practical eye of Director Bezold, an exemplary service is to be one of the features in the *Hôtel de Russie*. Its waiters are all agreeable and polite lads, young and suave, with a thorough practical education. But it is also the lovable temper of these Bavarians, otherwise called *Gemüthlichkeit*, which makes them particularly acceptable to the Anglo-American traveler, who is compelled to put up with impertinent help at home. "And what of the chambermaid?" I hear my bachelor friend inquire. "For the benefit of these 'isolated martyrs' let me say that the Bavarian chambermaid is ever ready, and equally obliging. She will as readily massage your lame arm in bed, if necessary, or brush your clothes without being inquisitive or jealous of the female face which may happen to drop from your overcoat pocket. In short, my advice to the dear Benedict is similar to Punch's: Don't marry, but ship your luggage by the *Kaiser*—I mean, *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, and go to the *Hôtel de Russie*, in Munich."

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by celebrities whose names are familiar on both continents, have worshipped Epicurus here, and literally knelt at the shrine of Bachelus; for on certain occasions the quality of an excellent "Margaux" or "Rüdesheimer" has been too heavy for some to support. It is also a fact that one of Germany's greatest citizens, the leading industrial manufacturer, landed proprietor, and legislator, Baron von Stumm, has often entertained the Emperor William II. at this house. In short, some of the best people of both continents have feasted here, including many of our ambassadors accredited to the Kaiser's court, and in just appreciation of the exemplary accommodation have spread its reputation abroad. It is in this regal banquet hall the American colony resident here give their annual Thanksgiving dinner and similar "blow-outs," and on such occasions fairly own "the hotel and its adjacent precinct. Of its several dining-rooms the so-called *Weinstuben* deserve particular mention. This is strictly a "Wine Restaurant," intended to serve the Bohemian customer who, for reasons of convenience or economy, prefers a short meal. A democratic spirit pervades this cosmopolitan resort, with a touch of Parisian abandon, yet you will meet here leading members of the Reichstag, the House of Lords, diplomats, and officers, together with a fair sprinkling of Berlin beauties in animated conversation, doing justice to a really good dinner—equal to anything of the kind at Delmonico's—including half a bottle of real wine for less than a dollar.

"The *Kaiserhof*" has some particular advantages not to be found elsewhere. For instance, even a well-appointed European hotel, it is not always easy to obtain good wine of a reliable brand, and at moderate prices. The initiate traveler knows full well that vintages differ, neither is every season propitious to a ripe harvest. Small houses, here, as elsewhere, buy small supplies. The experienced traveler knows this, and elects the big house, because its capacity and trade justifies larger purchases and supplies. "The *Kaiserhof*" enjoys a very large wholesale wine trade, and supplies many dealers, both in this city and the provinces. I am told its vast stock and variety of wines never ranges in value under a quarter-million, and often considerably more. There is a bureau of information with an authorized ticket office which will point out to you the shortest route to the Klondike, or sell you a ticket to New York by the first ocean greyhound. In short, you can have your luggage checked in your room at "the *Kaiserhof*," and, providing you don't carry dynamite, or anything which will cause the trunk to walk, you may find it in your room at the Grand Hotel in Rome, and again—you may not. A French *coiffeur*, the finest tonsorial artist by the Spree, enables you "to smell sweet" for the balance of the day, while elegant shops invite careful and often profitable inspection.

Of the many features in this exemplary house deserving of our particular attention, is the *Werner Café*, characteristic of all the Bohemianism to be found in Vienna and Budapest. Here congregate the literati of Berlin, including the newspaper representatives from all parts of Europe, including American correspondents, who, like the lions at midnight, come to drink and discuss *les affaires du jour*. In summer there are charming seats on the broad trottoir, with green flower-beds and the Zietenplatz immediately in front of us.

Mr. Matthai, the general manager, is a man of broad ideas and large experience. He has seen almost everything of note in a similar direction in Europe, has had a long and thorough experience from "start to finish," and, with rare judgment, has sustained the just reputation of this regal house. The chairman of the board of directors, one of the leading financiers in Germany, has wisely supported and encouraged his work, and consequently the house is almost always crowded.

This company also runs a very large and fashionable summer hotel in that beautiful Northern Spa called *Herringsdorf*, near the "Ost See." It is a favorite health resort with fashionable Berliners, and its proximity to the capital enables guests of "the *Kaiserhof*" to make short visits to *Herringsdorf*. The surf bathing is said to rival anything at Ostend or Scheveningen. At all events it is connected with little expense, produces a large measure of relaxation and variety, and, as the *Kurhaus in Herringsdorf* is under the same management, patrons of "the *Kaiserhof*" enjoy every advantage.

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all indicate regal proportions and affluence. There is not a hall room in the house. From suites complete, with every modern provision for absolute privacy, downward to any of its single rooms—all are high, large, with ample light and air, and richly furnished. Although its aristocratic location naturally excludes the usual noise common to heavy city traffic, nevertheless padded doors are provided to insure absolute quiet and exclude even the high-class music which plays nightly in some one of the several dining-rooms. Equally liberal is the space allotted to salons and parlors for public use. There are grand drawing-rooms, billiard and coffee-rooms, and the inevitable American bar, which has become a "recognized necessity" in the Kaiser's capital. The two elevators, with a continuous service, make all floors equally desirable.

There is another feature in this magnificent house which no visitor should miss. It is a look at the "banqueting hall." Its proportion, arrangement, decoration, and illumination—everything conforms to the character of, and is in keeping with, its international reputation. Some of the greatest fêtes in the history of modern Berlin, attended



## The Louvre.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

PARIS, May 24, 1899.—It is difficult to imagine a town within a town, a government within a government, and yet I mean nothing less than a grand organization, perhaps the greatest commercial enterprise in industrial France, in crowded Paris—the Louvre. In the heart of this city, facing the famous Rue de Rivoli, and immediately opposite the historic Louvre, as, indeed, all Paris, as it were, stands the greatest bazaar of France, and doubtless of the world, singularly independent in location, for it occupies an entire square, and covers several acres of ground. By courtesy of the generous management I was permitted to inspect its wonderful interior, and notwithstanding the fatigue attendant on the effort I must ever regard it as a profitable chapter in my long and varied experience.

After the eye had somewhat become accustomed to the surging crowd, and feasted on the countless attractions gathered here from all parts of the world to suit the fancy of an international custom, perhaps the most interesting feature to a practical American is the remarkable code of discipline which governs this small community, and enables many thousand buyers to pass through these vast halls with comparative ease, insuring to each a measure of attention which our merchants would do well to imitate. Simultaneous with the purpose of increasing its revenues and amassing wealth the administration is equally just and philanthropic toward its employees, on the basis that an equitable treatment begets a just conception of duty on the part of employees. There are, doubtless, kindred establishments with aspirations in a similar direction, but none have been able to carry the organization of the Louvre has accomplished, chiefly, as I have pointed out, by an exemplary method of equity mixed with philanthropy. The new employee receives at the start a salary of about 400 francs, or eighty dollars a year, besides being lodged and fed, and in addition a commission of from two to five per cent. upon his sales, so that the lowest salesman rarely makes less than \$160 a year. The average pay of an experienced salesman is about \$800 a year, and from that up, in some cases as high as \$5,000.

The total number of employees at the Louvre is about 3,000, among whom are only 400 women. Lodging in the buildings provided by the establishment is optional for employees of both sexes under twenty-five years old. The Louvre has on the Avenue Rapp a great building accommodating 250 male employees, and not far from it another where 100 young girls are lodged. These establishments are conducted under peculiarly stringent rules. The girls have a parlor where entertainments are organized on Sundays and certain evenings of the week, but from which the other sex is excluded. Not even a father or a brother may be received there. All the employees receive their meals on the store, except the highest. Furthermore, married employees are allowed to dine at home, and receive a commutation of one franc a day. The fare consists, at the Louvre, of one course of meat, all the vegetables and bread that can be eaten, dessert, and a pint of good claret. For dinner, soup is added. The average daily quantity of food consumed in this establishment includes 2,500 quarts of soup, 3,000 pounds of bread, 2,500 pounds of meat, 1,300 pounds of fish, 500 pounds of butter, and ten barrels of wine. The kitchen force includes some twenty cooks, and over eighty waiters. The cost of the food alone exceeds 2,000,000 francs a year. This great organization has a medical service for its employees, which includes an infirmary, and outposts in the country or at the seashore. In addition, when a man or a woman completes seven years of service, a sum of 1,000 francs is credited to him in the pension fund, and afterward 200 francs a year up to his fiftieth year of service. The savings fund of the Louvre amounts now to about 2,000,000 francs, and about 200,000 francs is added annually, and in addition there is a large pension fund, founded by the generous originators of this vast department store, which operates with a capital of many million francs. This brief outline of the Louvre's excellent organization must necessarily point to a successful reputation. It stands pre-eminent in Europe to-day, and a brief visit to its vast sections will soon convince, as it cannot fail to interest, even a casual visitor. The one other feature of almost equal interest is the unflagging patience, ever distinguished by politeness, of its numerous staff. Customers of all shades and degrees of society wander about the vast establishment, ever with new questions and increasing curiosity, for the vast supplies and almost endless assortments are quite sufficient to embarrass the coolest of judgments. Here are specialties from remote parts, perhaps Japan, China, or even Korean wares. Here the products of France, as interesting as they are countless, and all praiseworthy and commendable in quality. Even English and German specialties are on sale, with many a trade-mark of international repute. Of the countless attractions for sale here perhaps those relating to female dress are most in evidence, for I see the gentle sex in large numbers, fairly congesting the aisles. As a matter of fact, the fashionable woman (and what woman declines to be fashionable?) and the conventional summer-girl in Paris, as in New York, must be supplied with all the pretty gauzy things of lace and sheer muslin, besides the distinctive costumes suited to out-door life, such as may be found at the Louvre, if they are to make any impression at the fashionable summer resorts. "There are so many pretty materials here," said a lady friend of mine, "that it is difficult to choose the prettiest. Look at this white batiste," she went on to explain; "it is all the rage now. It is of the softest quality, and made up with platings of point d'esprit on the underskirt (wherever that is, sotto voce)." "Many of the French gowns," she assured me, "have a bow, or bows, of some sort to complete their decoration, but there is always a reason for them, a place where they seem to be necessary, as they are never sewn on regardless of purpose." Just then my fair friend espied a new attraction, and under cover of this favorable opportunity I took my departure.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

## Westminster by the Spree.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

BERLIN, May 1st, 1899.—Gentle reader, I am not, as thou mayest suppose, about to speak of anything similar to the Westminster on the Thames, but of an institution intended to soothe rather the physical than the spiritual man. After all "What's in a name?" Shakespeare himself didn't think much of it in his time, and we care even less in our day. I have seen high-sounding names on paper which would not purchase a cigar, and again I have seen what appeared a modest name good for half a million.

The name of Westminster in the present instance duly fits the pretty, idyllic hotel so named and situated in the choicest spot, *Unter den Linden*, in the very centre of Berlin. It is just midway between the Kaiser's castle and the Brandenburg Gate, and it is difficult to say which end is the more important to the thousands who throng. I may say, however, that the hotel is a famous venue. It is the latest wrinkle in Berlin hotels—the result of Mr. Otto's clever ingenuity, supported by unstinted means which, as all the world knows, can command anything, short of angels drinking beer. The entrance to the Westminster Hotel leads directly from the broad trottoir, and ushers the visitor into a foyer of a peculiarly romantic composition. The first impression is that of Puritan respectability, with all the charms of a cosmopolitan temper which seems contagious, and affects the weary traveler with a soothing relief, with the freshness born of quiet and refined ease. Even a cursory inspection of this hotel reminds us of the English appointments, such as we may find at "Claridge's," in London, but with a mixture of Continental abandon and German *Gemüthlichkeit*.

As the Westminster is chiefly intended for a select custom, it has not above a hundred rooms exclusive of artistic parlors, salons, reading-rooms, and, as is fashionable nowadays, an American bar, a bistro of a room for tipplers. The advantages of this house, particularly to Americans, are many. All of its front rooms look out directly on the bizarre scene, *Unter den Linden*, and the occupant may see the Kaiser, when in town, drive past the hotel toward the Tiergarten any afternoon about three o'clock. Here, too, you can see the very pulse of German life, as it rushes on in an unbroken stream from the Imperial palace on the right, toward the Brandenburg Gate and the Tiergarten beyond. It is a sight for which any of us would willingly pay a dollar for a squeezed seat to see an imitation on the stage. It is a sight of which one can never tire, because of its constant changes and its kaleidoscopic combinations. Yet all is sedate and quiet within. Your charming room is artistically furnished after a Waldorf pattern. There is a telephone which connects you with the office on the same floor, and by means of which you can have your wants supplied in less than no time. You can, if you like, also communicate through the porter's lodge with the outside world beyond. In short, the service is absolutely perfect, for strict discipline is one of the leading features in the policy of the circumspect management.

As the restaurant is ever a leading feature in a modern hotel, and as any traveler values a good meal next to a good bed, particular attention has been paid to the culinary arrangements of this hotel. The very fact that it is under the sharp eye of the great and opulent "Central Hotel" would guarantee its quality and superiority to the initiated. The cuisine strictly conforms to the dignity of its reputation. It is less French, and more pronounced English, with a shade of German cooking which combines the richness of novelty and variety. Naturally the rest of the market is daily provided for its needs, together with a variety of wines which are constantly replenished from the seemingly inexhaustible supplies of the "Central Hotel." A faultless service—quiet, distinguished, and very attentive, in cozy dining-rooms arranged in Louis Quatorze style—and the consciousness that you enjoy an excellent meal surrounded by harmonious appointments

and good people are, indeed, worth a trip to Berlin, and a stay at the Westminster. Young in reputation, it is already well-known throughout Europe, and for the benefit of our many readers let me say that those in search of accommodations such as they may have enjoyed at the Holland House, Netherlands, and similar hotels at home, will find it at the Westminster, even with a superior service, and at fully fifty per cent. less. It is the only hotel on the south side of *Unter den Linden* worthy of our patronage. There is no elevated or underground, no omnibus or tram-cars permitted to pass along this avenue, and yet, on the very threshold of the hotel you are in a seeming vortex of Berlin fashionable life, surrounded by elegant shops, kiosks, and cabbies innumerable. It is but a minute's walk to Friedrich Strasse, and an equal distance to Wilhelm Strasse, with its royal and ambassadorial palaces. In short, you are the Kaiser's neighbor, with the privilege to uncover your democratic head when his Imperial Majesty whisks by in an open carriage.

In justice to this last phase in "Berlin's artistic hotel life," I shall speak in a future letter of its particular attractions, as, for instance, the really smart café which is a feature *Unter den Linden*, a typical Vienna institution in the capital of Germany. In view of the unprecedented rush to Europe this season I can only advise the many readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY likely to go abroad, to communicate with the manager of the Westminster Hotel in advance, in order to secure such favorable lodging as will enable you to see the rare sights of *Unter den Linden*.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

## A Remarkable Success.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, June 2d, 1899.—This is the harvest of London *hôtels* for Americans have come in large numbers. They are in evidence from "the Bank" to every fashionable point in the West End. Nor is this surprising after the excitement and fatigue attendant on the Spanish war. The *Cecil Hotel* appears a fair duplicate of the Fifth Avenue in election times. Its lobbies are literally congested with our countrymen, and women, too, in gay attire and happy smiles. The novelty of travel has lost some of its attractions to the old stager who, according to his tale, has crossed eighty four times to a fraction, and who knows every lane in Whitechapel, etc. But even he will approach a "Cecil dinner" with new expectations and realize nothing short of new surprises. The chef of this admirable house, a man of vast responsibility as well as consummate skill, manages to tickle the palates of our gourmets, and with equal skill holds captive the Lucullus of Mayfair. The West End swell and his charmer who come almost nightly to the romantic terrace of the Cecil and indulge in a dainty supper, give indorsement to its general reputation for excellence. The cosmopolitan crowd of diners on the terrace is a sight worth a day's travel to see. Fetching toilettes, such as London beauties understand so well, together with her stalwart escort in full dress—everybody in London dines in full dress—enhanced by hundreds of cleverly arranged lights under colored shades, together with a lavish display of really beautiful flowers, increases the beauty of its surroundings to a degree of romance and poetry. It is a scene ever new, and ever interesting. No wonder Americans crowd the house, and doubtless will continue to do so in spite of constantly growing additions to the long list of eligible and reasonable hotels. After the vicissitudes usually attendant on new enterprises the present general manager, Mr. Judah, a gentleman of long experience and with clever, original ideas, is largely, if not solely, the author of its prosperity. He has originated a unique system of discipline, by which every guest enjoys immediate attention. His circumspection has given confidence both to share-holders and the community at large, and as a result public gatherings and private societies give their little feasts and "blow-outs" in the grand banquet hall and the pretty, private dining-rooms of this hotel.

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## A Valuable Prize.

(Continued from page 469.)

machinery and the many other alterations and repairs necessary before she will be entitled to a place on the naval lists as an effective fighting ship. It is estimated that about \$250,000, or one-fourth of her whole value, will be required for the repairs. She will not be ready for active service inside of two years.

The *Reina Mercedes* is a steel cruiser of 3,090 tons and a speed of about seventeen and one-half knots. Among the vessels of our navy she most resembles the *Yorktown*. The *Reina Mercedes* and two gun-boats, the *Alcarado* and the *Sandoval*, are the only vessels of the Spanish fleet at Santiago that can be restored to usefulness. Owing to her enfeebled condition at the time, the *Reina Mercedes* did not steam out of the harbor with the others, and was sunk just inside. Her name will probably not be changed.

J. H. W.

## Fitzsimmons the Fighter.

(Continued from page 472.)

The index-finger of the big right hand is pointed at the house, and to three pretty children, beginning with Robert Fitzsimmons, Jr., aged four years, and ending with a dainty little girl-baby born exactly eight months ago. From an upper window a buxom, handsome, smiling woman—the wife who sat at the ring-side in Carson City—looks down upon the group.

"In those three babies," continues the pugilist, "are centred all the hope, all the ambition, all the happiness that I have in this life. You're aware, I suppose, that I began life as a blacksmith. Well, do you know, when I think of these children, there are times when I wish that I had never left the forge?"

The pugilist has taken the little baby from the nurse, holding it with the gentle, caressing touch of a woman, as it nestles against his neck. And in the wondrous combination of tenderness and strength there is the suggestion of the hasmyth hammer that can crush the life out of a man with a single blow, or skim the surface of an eggshell.

"Yes, I wish that I had never left the forge, but had been content to go humbly and contentedly on my way to the end," he says. "I don't know how or why I took up the ring as a means of livelihood. It all began in the usual way—amateur exhibitions, poverty, and the chance to win money. It seems to me that mine was a case of what you fellows call predestination—as if I had been driven by a power that was above and beyond me.

"I have had no ambition in this thing—no real wish to win. I hate prize-fighting. I hate the atmosphere of the ring. I hate the society of the sporting-men. I won't go near them. I won't cross the street to see the fight. My home—all my thought is in my home and my babies. That is why I am not popular—I am not 'one of the boys.' I don't like the bar-room. I am not a 'good fellow.' My experience of the 'good fellow' teaches me that he is always a selfish, cold-blooded humbug and fraud, without heart or conscience.

"Oh, yes, I'm the champion of the world, and make a good deal of money and wear big diamonds; am cheered by the small boy and followed by crowds of people who toady and 'jolly' and flatter me. And deep down in my heart I detest and despise myself as much as I detest and despise these—what do you call them—sycophants, time-servers—that's the word. Were I defeated to-morrow these rats would turn their backs on me and rush around the new light. I have somehow drifted into the championship, and I suppose in honor I must defend it as long as I am able. And after that—well, after that, I am content to say good-bye forever to the ring and all its blighted

fruits. In future days prize-fighting will be dead, and the world will be none the worse without it."

Under the crass jaw, the rugged, iron-bound frame that nothing can weary and nothing break, there is much that is tender, human, and good. Pugilism apart, the word "man" seems to fit Mr. Fitzsimmons perfectly.

SAQUI SMITH.

## Life Insurance—Queries.

INSURANCE COMMISSIONER BETTS, of Connecticut, points out that the fraternal assessment societies in many instances have large accumulations of unpaid death-claims which are a menace to their existence and which are at variance with the articles of association of these fraternal bodies. Last year his report stated that it was a disgrace that the laws of Connecticut allowed such a system, and he now urges that the assessments charged to the members of assessment-insurance associations be made to accord with the attained age of members, as the stability of the societies depends upon making this change. Nearly every State superintendent of insurance has expressed himself in a similar vein. Yet hundreds of thousands continue their membership in these bodies, and labor under the false impression that their lives are safely insured. In this connection, the result of a recent suit in Brooklyn is of interest. A woman brought an action against the supreme council of the Royal Arcanum to recover \$3,000, the amount of a policy issued to her late husband. The collector for the society dropped the husband from membership, on the ground that he had omitted to pay his assessment, due at midnight, July 1st, 1897. It was proved that the assessment had been deposited in the proper box before the expiration of the time limit, but that the collector had not visited the box to take it up. The Arcanum contended that its members have no appeal to the courts, while the plaintiff contended that every one has a constitutional right to seek redress in the courts. The decision was against the society.

"J. M. G." New Orleans: Am investigating. Will reply later. "R." Kansas City: In a recent Colorado case, the Supreme Court decided against the Supreme Knights of Honor in an action brought against the order on a benefit certificate. It was asserted that the insured man had misrepresented his age, but the court held that the order had received assessments after knowledge of alleged misstatements.

"G." Springfield, Massachusetts: You are right. More than six years ago I warned the readers of this column of the impending doom of the Iron Hall, and was roundly scored by many members of that organization. It has just paid a dividend of one-fifth of one per cent. to its creditors. That will be the fate of many other fraternal and assessment orders.

"C." Fairview, Ohio: Think you would be safer to drop all of your assessment insurance and take out policies with the strong old-line companies. The Provident Savings Life of New York, which you mention, is one of the best of your list. You will not make a mistake if you take a policy with it, or with the Equitable, the Mutual Life, or the New York Life, of New York.

"A. O. U." Hartford, Connecticut: You are misinformed. The Connecticut commissioner of insurance, in his recent annual report, does not commend, but severely criticises the assessment associations, and points out that in the large decrease of their outstanding insurance from \$736,000,000 to \$606,000,000 he sees signs of early disintegration. He predicts much suffering and loss from lapses by older policy-holders in assessment associations, who find themselves unable to pay the heavy rate of assessments charged against them.

The Hermit.

## Iron Is King.

COTTON has been king, corn was king, but iron is king. The new president of the Iron and Steel Institute of England, in bidding farewell to the closing century, alluded to the fact that America now exported 1,000,000 tons of steel annually, whereas twenty years ago she exported none. He agreed with Lockyer, that the atmosphere and the stars proved that terrestrial iron was the most complex form of matter, and he alluded to the wonderful achievements in the iron industry which marked the close of this century as the grandest in respect of industry in the world's history, a century closely connected with the iron and the golden age. This development enabled us now to produce steel plates two inches thick and 300 feet in area, and girders of such enormous size that they justified Sir Benjamin Baker's belief in the possibility of building a bridge to connect England and France by half-mile spans. There were ship plates, he added, which buckled up in collision, yet remained water-tight, and we were now making manganese steel and nickel steel of such fine fibre that some of it would not expand when heated and others would expand where expansion was necessary. The president paid a tribute to Holley, who developed the Bessemer steel process at Troy, New York, in 1865, and to Abram S. Hewitt, of New York, who installed the first Bessemer converter. He credited Holley and Hewitt with being the founders of an industry that had produced thus far 61,000,000 tons of Bessemer steel in America. Verily, this is the age of iron, and America the home of its king.

## An Appreciative Advertiser.

NEW YORK, May 20th, 1899.

Mr. W. J. Arkell, President Arkell Weekly Company.

DEAR SIR:—I think you will be pleased to know that I received a letter this morning from Budapest, Hungary, asking for a copy of our "Saratoga the Beautiful" and our book, "The Lake Shore Limited," from a man who says he saw the notice of them in LESLIE'S WEEKLY. It is this kind of evidence, added to my own knowledge of the excellence of the work, that makes me consider LESLIE'S WEEKLY a first-class advertising medium.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE H. DANIELS,

General Passenger Agent New York Central Railroad.

## Valuable to Investors.

A BOOK of great value to every investor and speculator is "The Haven & Stout Red Manual of Statistics and Telegraphic Code," published by Haven & Stout, the well-known bankers and brokers of No. 1 Nassau Street, New York. The revised edition for 1899 has just been issued. It comprises over 600 pages, and the contents include reliable information regarding the leading steam railroads, street-railways, miscellaneous and industrial companies, banks, trusts, insurance and mining companies, with statistics of great value regarding grains, provisions, cotton, petroleum, etc. The high character of the publishers guarantees the accuracy and merit of the publication.



## Self-made Men of Bavaria.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

MUNICH, May 22d, 1899.—There is a class of self-made men on this continent whose energy and shrewdness has led to remarkable success, and recognition in society. Absolute integrity, together with prompt decision, have led Mr. H. Volkhardt, proprietor of the *Bayerischer Hof*, to success and affluence, and his latest venture with the sumptuous hotel, called the "Bayerische Hof," is steadily increasing his large wealth, and equally his reputation.

"By what means have I accomplished these uncommon results?" he said in reply to my question, recently. "Why, simply by dealing with immediate opportunities before us, turning neither to right nor left. Having chosen a plan, stick to it. I knew Munich had a future, for its central location in continental travel is bound to bring strangers here. These must have proper accommodations; the best are none too good, for, however frugal at home, we are inclined to be liberal when abroad. Hence, I rebuilt the *Bayerischer Hof* on a royal scale. I have spent my money liberally—and, as a result, the house is crowded, frequently overcrowded." As a matter of fact, it is a most opulent hotel. Arranged with every device obtainable in modern inventions, it possesses every advanced and practical feature in light, heat, lifts, and grand halls with elaborate appointments. The bedrooms are lofty, airy, and sumptuously arranged. The restaurant à la carte in the palm-garden is one of the great attractions in Munich. The cuisine is in full accord with the Munich cult—highly French, and offers great variety. In addition, Herr Volkhardt carries very large wine supplies; his cellars often contain rare and old vintages in large assortment. This is particularly attractive to European aristocracy, who never dine without wine; and for similar reasons, but more particularly on account of its general excellence, American society invariably elects the *Bayerischer Hof*, and largely, too, because everybody, from the proprietor's son, young Mr. Volkhardt, downward—all speak several languages, but more particularly English. There is an agreeable absence of flunkeyism and the frequent trifling with petty charges. Your bill in this house, which represents the cost of your room, everything else included, contains a single charge, this and nothing more; and the same compared with similar comforts at home represents a saving of fully one-half, with all the beauties and attractions of Munich thrown in. This is the secret of its success, but it must be admitted that the genial temper of these sedate and thoroughly amiable Bavarians, and particularly the patient and ever-generous department of the manager, a very circumspect man and good linguist—Mr. Haertter, widely known to American society—together with his chief, a thorough judge of human nature and events—these combined moral forces tend to mollify our nervousness, and captivate our susceptibilities.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

## Modernizing London.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, June 5th, 1899.—If it cannot be said, remembering the march of time, that the new and palatial hotel in Brook Street, *Claridge's*, which recently threw open its doors to the public, has sprung up like an Aladdin's palace upon the site of its predecessor, nobody will be found to deny the extraordinary contrast it presents to the appearance and quality of almost every similar house in the English capital. Verily, modern Londoners live in days of ultra-luxury, when the art of painting the lily and gilding refined gold, once deemed a silly and superfluous process, has been brought to a state of perfection. It is an age, indeed, in which one has ceased to be astonished at anything that appears as the result of modern enterprise, unlimited expenditure, and, let it be added, the exercise of art, ingenuity, and good taste. The avowed gourmet in the "sere and yellow" who unblushingly recalls the days when it was necessary to go over to Paris in order to get a decent dinner is stared at in these times as a curiosity, and regarded even in some quarters with suspicion. On the other hand, the antiquated bore who prates eternally about the "good old times" is rightly looked upon nowadays as an unmitigated nuisance whose opinions are simply not worth listening to. The spoiled and pampered American in particular refuses to believe that discomfort could have had its charms, or that the days of horsehair furniture, samplers, snuff-taking, and "plain" dinners could have been worth living in at all. It is possible that some such reflections as these may occur to the minds of visiting Americans, who will find the "New Claridge's," built on the site of the old, famous, and fashionable hostelry, in the very heart of aristocratic Mayfair, and now tricked out in all the glory of modernism, luxurious equipments, artistic embellishments, and beautiful decorations. Ever since the oldest of old stagers can well remember, the *Claridge's* of yore was pointed to as the abode of princes and dukes, of the illustrious of all nations, of foreign potentates galore, and of the *haut monde* generally. The chronicler of a future generation will doubtless record the fact that American society has succeeded European nobility, and that "Claridge's" is but another step in modernizing ancient London. It is, doubtless, the best in Europe, and will be appreciated by Americans accordingly.

C. FRANK DEWEY

## The Crown of Wiesbaden.

(From our Own Correspondent.)

WIESBADEN, May 15th, 1899.—The newest and latest thing in this pearl of European watering-places is the Nassauer Hof, just opened; it leads all similar houses on the Continent. Its architecture and internal appointments, to say nothing of its happy location facing the Emperor Frederick Square, is equal to the best-known hotel anywhere. The view from its romantic balconies, facing the principal avenue, yields a panorama which the painter has drawn a thousand times, and will continue, with new suggestions, until the Rhine runs dry. This vast structure, whose foundations are deep below the roadway, rises high above its neighbors, with commanding wings such as remind the traveler of the Baths of Caracalla, on the slopes of the Aventine at Rome. Here is a splendid hotel, just rebuilt on the site which has been its heritage since the beginning of this century, and for which physicians pray, for it has the most favored location in Wiesbaden, entirely southern exposure. It is in the fashionable part of the town, and immediately facing the esplanade, with the Emperor Frederick Monument, the extensive Kurgardens, and the newly-built opera house opposite, and from its towers one may look far out on the vine-clad hills of the Rhine Valley; still in all its surroundings it is absolutely self-contained.

But this majestic building, whose most distinguishing feature, from a building point of view, is the fire-resisting construction—the whole of the floors, walls, partitions, and roof are of fire-resisting materials, the only house of this kind in all Wiesbaden—offers new surprises at every turn. The vestibule, with its ceiling of blended colors—gold and green, red and blue—is a complete picture even to the initiated. Our appreciation increases as we step into the hall and behold marble, beautiful marble, at every turn. The grand staircase has been compared to a palace of splendor and fair-land. On the first floor the chief attraction is the great marble dining-hall, of vast proportions—matchless and picturesque, with every appliance of *la haute cuisine*. Bright light streams through a row of long windows looking out on the square and boulevard. A French author has well described a good cuisine as the most efficacious of medicine in the world—the best and promptest in its effect. "To eat," he added, "is simply to avoid dying; but to dine is to live." There is a volume in the words "to dine," and all who knew the old Nassauer Hof will testify to its incomparable cuisine. In addition to this important feature, a special committee of wine experts have stocked the cellars with a costly supply of wines, including a fine line of American whiskies.

There are nearly 200 rooms in the Nassauer Hof, and no hall rooms, either; a number of elegant suites, with private baths, lavatory, and vestibule, insure absolute privacy, if desired, and all are sumptuously furnished. No opportunity has been left unimproved, no labor or money spared, to bring together into a harmonious working machine all those things which the true comfort of an invalid guest may require. Quietness, fresh air, brightness, and good cheer—these are the dominant characteristics of the bedroom floors; to these must be added sumptuous parlors, reading and assembly rooms, re-

## Touring on the Rhine.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

BONN, June 1st, 1899.—"Having raced all over the Continent, let us rest here a while," I overheard a well-known New-Yorker say to his family as they were settling down for real comfort on the romantic terrace of the *Grand Hotel Royal*. Extending for a considerable distance back of the hotel is a large well-kept park, with numerous arrangements for out-door sport, and crowded with guests of the house. In front is the picturesque *Hofgarten*, or "court park," which slopes down to the Rhine. To dine in the glass-covered restaurant facing this court park, with an ever-changing kaleidoscope on old Father Rhine below, is, indeed, worth a trip to Bonn. All that nature can possibly grant has been adopted by clever man, and accordingly the *Grand Hotel Royal* enjoys an incomparable reputation. Like its name it has a royal approach from the main boulevard, and ample space all around, for it stands in the most fashionable part of this university town. The



HOTEL ROYAL.

interior represents cultured refinement and artistic taste. Pretty nooks in the wide halls; airy and bright parlors, dining-rooms and reading-salons, with a full view on the well-kept court park and the grand river beyond, are sufficient to animate our sentimental mood and induce us to linger here. Unlike most hotels in pleasure resorts, this house bears the impress of cosmopolitan life in every department. There is a swift elevator, almost unnecessary in a house of four stories. The rooms are arranged on a sumptuous scale, large, cheerful, and with plenty of light. So perfect is the service, and so prompt its attention under the very circumspect manager, Mr. Eisenmenger, that in spite of plans and resolves we have concluded to prolong our stay.

This university town dates back to pretty old times, when knight and friar ruled over the Rhine. But a new era opened up about the middle of this century, increasing its importance, largely through the attendance at the university, and the social importance of its students, including the present Kaiser, whose frisky capers in the lobby of the *Grand Hotel Royal* has materially increased its popularity with European royalty and international society. It is but a few minutes from the station, and in a bee line with the landing stage. The restaurant is even more renowned for a high class cuisine, entirely French, whose chef is justly famous for epicurean combi-  
 ons, for in a week's stay the menu has undergone a daily change, and with increasing surprises. There are plain evidences all over the house of aristocratic refinement in its superior management, for I have never heard a loud word, or a vulgar expression, during my stay. Moreover, its low tariff compares most favorably even with the huge, but otherwise colorless, hotels of Saratoga and Newport. "These Germans are born aristocrats," said a well-known Philadelphia society lady to-day, "and their temper is so amiable, so sincere, that it is little wonder we come here with great expectations, and part with regret." For the benefit of our readers contemplating "a trip on the Rhine" let me say, on the strength of long experience, that you will do well to leave Cologne by rail and begin the journey by boat at Bonn. The schedule time this season for the pretty express boats which ply the Rhine is: Leave Bonn on the upward journey at 8.30, and 10.45 A. M., a very convenient hour for a start, and connect at Bingen, a couple of hours distant, with the express for Heidelberg and Basle, arriving from Mainz down the Rhine at 5.30 P. M. in time for the fashionable table d'hôte at the *Grand Hotel Royal*, in Bonn. The two hours' ride from Cologne to Bonn by boat is

plete with light and air; romantic nooks in the marble halls, under picturesquely arranged electric lights, which resemble a fairy scene at night and enhance the beauty of ladies' toilettes; the convenience of swift elevators, which make all floors equally desirable; and the further inducement of a faultless service, such as the Nassauer Hof has been famous for nearly a century, will readily explain the magnitude of this enterprise. It is here we shall find the cream of cosmopolitan society, for there are not a few wealthy foreigners who bring their own stud, and, to meet this want, handsome stables have been erected in the extensive yard of the hotel.

But one of the chief features in the innumerable advantages of this opulent house, on which Mr. Frederick Goetz, the owner, has spent several millions quasi as a monument to his name, is a thoroughly equipped marble bathing-house, with unsurpassed facilities



THE NASSAUER HOF.

for patients seeking divers cures in this health-producing spa. The waters of the *Sool-springs*, which lead direct into the bath-house and connect with the hotel by warm passages, are used for warm and cold baths. By adding graduated brine or mother-lye the percentage of saline constituents is varied to suit the case. Competent attendants have the case under control. To prevent an escape of the large amount of carbonic acid contained in the waters the baths are heated indirectly. The steam, having given up its heat to the brine, condenses and flows off externally. This particular bath, as all those who have tried its beneficent results know, stimulates the sensitive nerve-endings in the skin by means of the powerful carbonic acid, produces a peculiar pricking sensation, and certainly raises the blood-pressure in the arterial system. Then there are the *Thermal-baths*, which undoubtedly exert a still greater stimulant action on the skin, superficial vessels and nerves, and, reflexly, on the internal organs. The powerful effect of these baths quickly manifests itself by bodily lassitude. The best results, I am told, have been obtained with these so-called *Thermal-baths* in a large number of cases of rheumatism, gout, sciatica,

full of interest, for it is here history opens her secret pages, and offers you new surprises in every direction, be it in excursions to the "Drachenfels," "Saacher Lake," "Eifel," "the Moselle," and many similar resorts through the vine-clad valleys of the Rhine, dotted with picturesque hamlets and a peasantry as quaint in manners as it is original in dress. It is the Mecca of pleasure-seekers, the cradle of song, music and poetry, with a modest, quiet population, ever happy to bid us welcome; and wine—real wine, and Rhine wine at that.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

## Life in Berlin.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

BERLIN, May 5th, 1899.—In the heart of the Kaiser's capital, where German life swirls and eddies in endless motion, immediately opposite the Central Station, I write these lines. From my balcony in the *Central Hotel* (and almost each of its numerous windows leads out on to a romantic balcony) I hear martial music and see the German soldiery as they march past at noon of every day in the year to relieve the castle guard. This opulent house faces three principal thoroughfares, and, with innumerable windows looking out on all creation—to borrow a Yankeeism—is one of the leading hotels in Berlin to-day. It combines elegance with comfort, and accessibility with praiseworthy-ness. The sumptuous parlors, grand lobbies, and transportation agencies whose ramifications cover both continents, the unique "American bar," combining mediæval quaintness with modern extravagance, to say nothing of its mysterious concoctions covering a variety of "reassu-ting" "appetizers," and, above all, the latest arrangements of light and heat in each of its 500 rooms, all lofty and airy, have raised its reputation far above many of its neighbors, and equal to the best in Germany.

Yet its chief feature is the culinary d-partment. Here we find a veritable laboratory, where the famous chef works his spells of heat and cold, and originates marvels in epicurean feasts. From a deftly fried smelt to the lump of a roasted joint—everything borders on perfection. The chef himself is a part of German history, for it was he who used to prepare the table of the late Emperor William I., which excited the admiration of visiting royalties and notabilities; and although his service is no longer in royal halls he continues still to prepare a royal feast for the numerous gourmets of the *Central Hotel*, as in truth he should, for none but the best public from near and afar come here to dine, here to sample the excellent and always reliable quality of a long and carefully prepared list of choice wines which are stored in its vast cellars. There are probably few similar houses on this Continent commanding equal supplies of food and drink. The most choice meats, as well as the finest flavored butter, are purchased daily, and large quantities of select vegetables are as frequently received from near and far, for if the chef cannot procure the precise delicate asparagus he wants, at home, he promptly sends to France for it. The arrangement of his menu is a study in itself, and is frequently copied abroad. A walk through the chain of kitchens, coolers, vast storage rooms, and extensive wine cellars, like so many subterranean passages, where several hundred kinds and qualities are carefully labeled and numbered—is a lesson in discipline and masterly administration. The grand dining-hall reminds us of baronial days, when air and light were the first conditions of a good meal.

But aside from these epicurean parlors, there is also a fine restaurant à la carte, the tariff of which is fully fifty per cent. less than at any similar institution in New York; and, again, the so-called *Heidelberger*, typical of South German life and custom, with home-made meals and real Bavarian mugs of beer, served in rooms indicative of *Bavarian Gemüthlichkeit*, where a substantial meal of 8-9-10 courses can be had for half a dollar. For the benefit of our lady readers and gentlemen as well, let me say that in many years of life spent on this side I have seldom found a laundry at all comparable with the one of this hotel, the machinery and general appointments of which will favorably compare with the best in New York. The general manager, Mr. Fritz Otto, is a broad-minded and liberal gentleman, with a very practical turn, who has evolved a most commendable system, which, together with the assistance of able and experienced chiefs in the several departments, foremost among these, Director Winter, governs this vast house without a friction. American and English travelers, many of whom prefer this house, are favored with particular attention by the management. For the benefit of our many readers and those certain to visit Berlin this season and next, let me say that the tariff of the *Central Hotel* is fully forty per cent. less than in similar hotels in America. Visitors to this hotel enjoy certain privileges in the famous "Wintergarten" not granted to the general public. The garden, with a seating capacity of several thousands, is situated in the grand court of the *Central Hotel*. The building occupies a vast square. There are daily performances of noted celebrities, including stars well known throughout America. Refreshments of every description are served during these performances, and the happy temper which animates the bizarre crowd tends to make an evening at the "Wintergarten" one of the attractions in Berlin.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

etc., and their usefulness in this respect is proved without a doubt. In any case, these baths produce at least the same effect as a poultice applied to the entire surface of the body. A particular feature, it may also be mentioned, are the *Moor-baths* (mud-baths). But the physiological action of these baths is merely hypothetical. For we have to take into consideration the effects of temperature, density, pressure on the periphery of the body produced by the specific gravity of the *Moor* and of the acids which it contains, especially of the formic acid, etc. The large number of diseases in which benefit is derived, and which has been briefly mentioned above, correspond with the host of healing agents and methods of treatment carried out at this bathing establishment, and justify the great reputation of this health-resort, where, after severe illness, thousands of patients have found recovery and cure, and thereby have obtained vigor and strength, enabling them to start afresh the hard and toilsome battle of life. Besides these, Mr. Goetz has also made extensive provisions for a cold-water cure, supplied with all modern appliances, and of the most approved pattern and style. Indeed, he has put out his money with a lavish hand, and as the old registers bear the names of royalty and aristocracy, and, moreover, as the old Nassauer Hof has ever been a rendezvous for English and American social stars, he has good reason to expect a continuance of their favor in these palatial quarters. As an addition to this sumptuous house may be added the picturesque chateau known as *Oranien Hotel*, situated in the park, and more adaptable for small families and invalids, preferring absolute quiet and entire privacy. Its surroundings exude the fragrance of the Kurgardens, as its interior invites to comfort and rest. This house is also the property of Mr. Goetz, who directs both with a just and liberal spirit, which is the chief ornament in his well-earned reputation.

Thus water and air, forest and hill, are the very elements which lead to the recovery and invigoration of suffering mankind at the present day, livelier as we do in the age of steam, technical inventions, and nervous excitement. The close pursuit of labor which the materialism of our time has called forth, the restless hurrying and pushing promoted by our highly developed means of communication, the noisy industrial activity, with its attendant evils, the bustling political life—all these factors consume our vital powers and wear out our nerves before their time. For every one the hour arrives when nature inexorably calls "Halt," and bids us seek the health-giving treasures which may be found at this spa. Therefore, doubly welcome is the Nassauer Hof, where the weary and suffering patient may find a second "home." Wiesbaden itself combines many rare virtues, such as a great store of health-giving springs, a situation like another paradise, quiet romantic nooks, the care of a paternal government and municipality, up-to-date comforts, together with cheerful sociability, a lively international intercourse, and German cheapness; and it is not a mean advantage to have at all times preserved the character of a genuine watering-place. Therefore, let Æsculapius's friendly daughter continue to hold her protecting hand over these wells, from whose depths there ever arise, with undying youth, the golden words, "In balneis salus."

C. FRANK DEWEY.

(For Wall Street Article See Page 476.)



9 8

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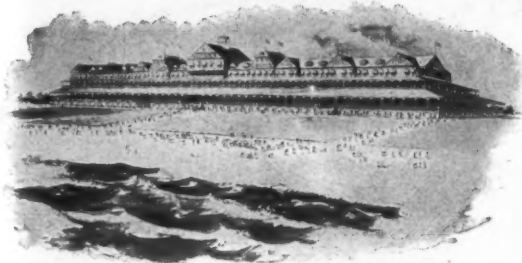
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## GOLD MINING STOCKS

Our advice on GOULD stock has made for many of our clients about

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since we started to urge its purchase a few months ago. Note the following absolute quotations from our Weekly Market Letters and Daily Reviews:

**From our Weekly Market Letter of April 15th**, on which day Gould closed at 12 1/4: "Gould is one of the few stocks showing a fair advance over last week's quotations. We have frequently mentioned this share in our Daily Reviews in the local newspapers, always advising its purchase at considerably lower prices than the present, but we still look upon it with decided favor. The Company's patented property on Raven Hill is splendidly located and is, we believe, destined to join the great shippers of the camp."

**From our Weekly Market Letter of April 29th**, on which day Gould closed at 15 1/4: "Gould, which has advanced about 100 per cent. since we started to advise its purchase a few months ago, continues very strong and will, we believe, go higher immediately."

**From our Daily Review of March 7th**, on which day Gould closed at 8 3/4 bid, 9 asked: "Gould continues very strong and should go higher."

**From our Daily Review of March 21st**, on which day Gould closed at 9 3/4 bid, 10 asked: "Gould remains strong and we still look upon it as an excellent purchase."

**From our Daily Review of April 17th**, on which day Gould closed at 13 bid, 13 1/4 asked, in referring to Gould we stated: "We believe it will go still higher."

**From our Daily Review of April 19th**, on which day Gould closed at 14 3/4, in referring to Gould we stated: "We still think this stock will sell higher."

**From our Daily Review of May 1st**: "The advance which we have predicted for Gould continues, that stock selling to-day up to 17 1/4 with that bid for more at the close, and we still predict higher prices for it in the immediate future."

**From our Daily Review of May 3d**: "Gould is extremely active, opening at 18 1/4 (slightly under yesterday's close) and declining quickly to 17 1/4, from which it advanced without a break to 20, where the final sale was made; over 60,000 shares sold, 27,000 shares of the stock going at the top price; this was a particularly material advance considering the general decline of the market, but we anticipate even higher prices on this share."

**From our Daily Review of May 4th**, on which day Gould closed at 23 1/4, in referring to Gould we stated: "We have persistently urged the purchase of this stock since it was selling at about 7 cents, and although in consequence many of our clients have excellent profits we advise them to hold for even higher prices."

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“I NAME THEE JEFFERSON.”—THE LAUNCHING OF THE LATEST OLD DOMINION LINER, AT CHESTER, PA.

## The Launching of the Old Dominion Liner “Jefferson.”

It was a happy thought and a beautiful sentiment which prompted the naming of the two new steamships of the Old Dominion Line, the “Hamilton” and the “Jefferson,” the former in compliment to the Empire State and the latter for the one which has been poetically referred to as the Mother State of Presidents. It is between these two commonwealths that the Old Dominion Steamship Company is the great and only commercial link by way of the sea. A large party of distinguished people went in special cars from New York to Chester, Pennsylvania, recently to witness the launching of the “Jefferson,” which was christened by Miss Florence Dudley Guillaudeu, the daughter of the president of the line. The “Hamilton” and “Jefferson” are exact counterparts and differ but little from the other two of the quartette of express steamers which perform the daily service of the Old Dominion between New York, Old Point Comfort, and Norfolk. They are perfect types of coast steamships, constructed of steel, very fast, and superbly equipped and furnished.

## Thousand Island House.

PROBABLY no spot on earth yet discovered by civilization is so peculiarly beautiful as the Thousand Islands in the famed river St. Lawrence. Of this section there is no disputing the fact that the most beautiful, restful, and interesting is that immediately around Alexandria Bay, and which acknowledges the Thousand Island House as its centre.

Within sight are islands too numerous to mention in detail, but among which are found many of the handsomest summer homes in the country, such as George H. Pullman's, of Chicago; Mr. Browning's, of New York; Mr. Rafferty's, of Pittsburg; Mr. Boldt's, of New York, and many others.

The Thousand Island House was built by its present proprietor, Colonel O. G. Staples, in 1873, who conducted it for ten years, and then sold it to a stock company.

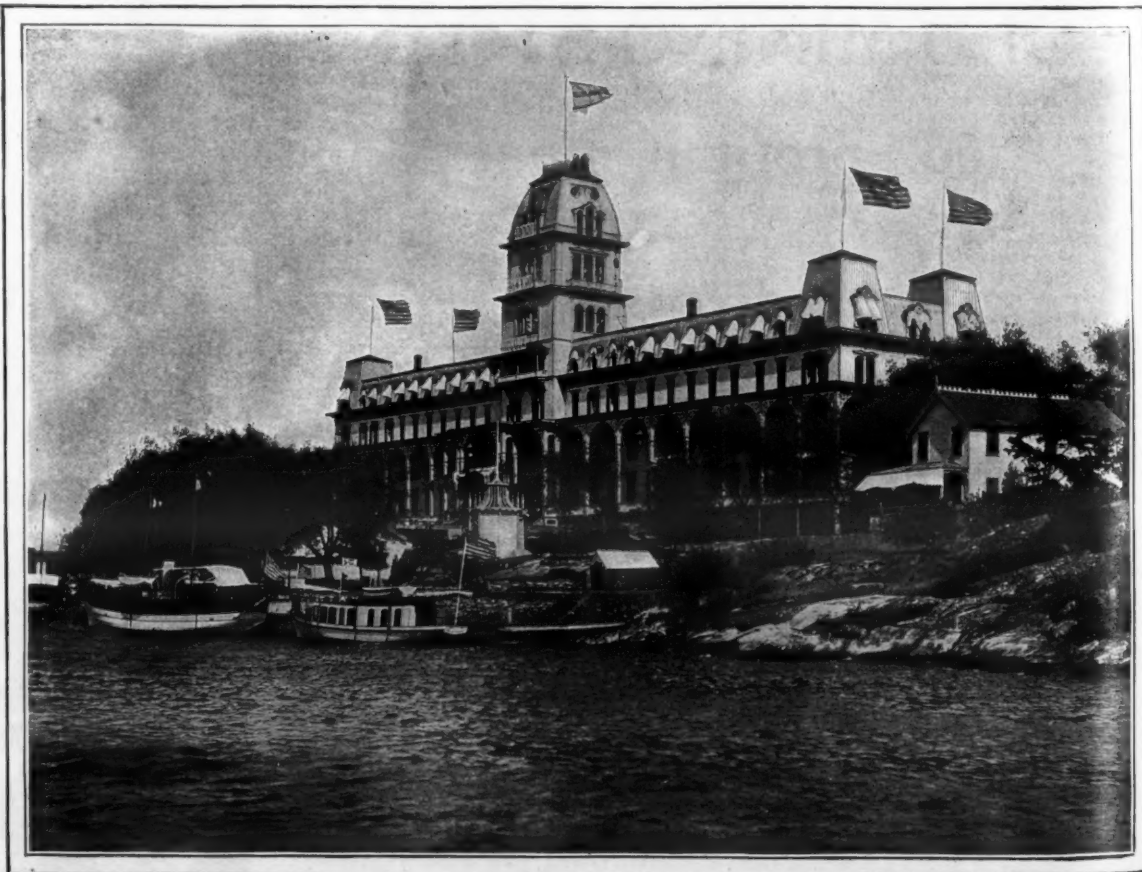
After fifteen years' absence Colonel Staples re-purchased it and immediately began improvements which have made it one of the very finest resort hotels in the country.

Modern plumbing, new buildings, and one of the largest and best electric plants in New York are some of the improvements made.

The outside illumination of this immense building was not equaled by the electric illuminations at the world's fair of 1893, at Chicago, while the interior is beautifully and brilliantly illuminated and decorated.

It is rarely that any hotel reaches such wide popularity, but it is fully deserved, for the employes are thoroughly competent, always courteous, and the table the very best to be obtained.

The fishing and boating are excellent, the climate cool and delightful, and being so easy of access by the New York Central Railroad, it is the ideal place for a summer's outing.



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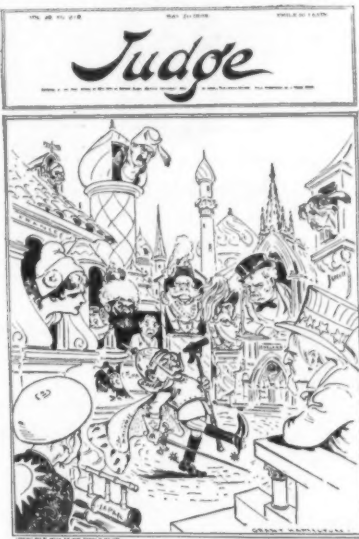
### HER CONUNDRUM.

"WHAT animal," asked Edith, "always has a comb but never combs its hair?"  
"A bee," guessed Davie.  
"No-o-o-o; a rooster."—Judge.

### AN EMERGENCY.

MRS. SLEEPER—"Henry, if you do not arise and kill that mosquito he will keep me awake all night with his singing."  
Mr. Sleeper—"Yes, and if I do I'll awaken the baby, who'll keep me awake all night with his singing."—Judge.

Buy me for one or two weeks. If you like me tell your friends. If you don't like me tell ME.



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### NOT ENOUGH OF A KIND.

DOROTHY had been asked how she liked the appearance of her uncle's new house, which is painted a light green, with three darker shades for trimmings. "For my part," replied the little girl candidly, "I prefer a color that doesn't have to be pieced out so much."—Judge.

### COSTLY CONVERSATION.

NEW ARRIVAL—"How much for a night's lodgin', pard?"  
Klondike hotel-keeper—"Six dollars and a half. One dollar, please."  
New arrival—"One dollar? What for?"  
Hotel-keeper—"Fer askin' how much it'd be."—Judge.

### A DREAM.

WHAT a glorious thought!  
Now just simply suppose  
The unhappy onion  
Were crossed with the rose.  
—Judge.

### CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"UNCLE THOMAS—"I like ter git up early. Then I can git my work done 'fore night an' be able ter go ter bed early."  
Johnny—"Wot yer want ter go ter bed early fer?"  
Uncle Thomas—"Why, so's I can git up early. You know mighty little 'bout the true philosophy of life."—Judge.

### STREAMS.

"Is the air damp here?"  
"Well, pretty heavy; a strong wind blowing through a wire-screen looks like a porcupine."—Judge.



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Judge will aid a sullen Liver. If you don't believe it, keep your money—and keep your sullen liver.

### Wall Street—"Discriminate!"

SOME alarm has been occasioned by the statements, not in the sensational press, but in the subdued and conservative financial journals, that \$3,500,000,000 of trust shares connected with industrial enterprises have been put upon the market in the past fourteen months—an aggregate equal in amount to one-fourth of all the railroad shares and bonds in existence. These industrial shares have not all been put upon the market for sale. A great many of them have been taken by the owners of the properties absorbed, and are held for investment purposes. If a man, for instance, sells his mill or factory to the promoters of a trust in his particular industry, he receives either cash in full for its value, or cash and stock, or stock alone. As a rule, he accepts both cash and stock, and we know of several enterprises in which the mill-owners were glad to receive the stock and were entirely willing to use their own cash to buy more, knowing its investment value and its earning power and possibilities.

This we say not in defense of any of the overstocked industrial, but because it should be said to relieve the fears of those who are greatly disquieted by careless misrepresentation of the real facts. With prosperous conditions in manufacturing circles, with fairly good crops, and with no foreign complications to require extraordinary expenditures by our government, nearly all American industrial enterprises should be profitably conducted, and the preferred stocks of many of those which have been offered to the public should afford excellent investments, with a much better rate of interest than investments with the same risk in the railroad stocks and bond market now yield. It should not be forgotten that one of the most profitable and well-established investments, one much sought after by conservative financiers, is an industrial, the Standard Oil, the stock of which has constantly appreciated until it now is one of the highest-priced on the list. Those who bought this stock at par and on a rising scale, and who can now sell it at from \$470 to \$500 per share, have no reason to complain of their investment in an industrial enterprise. If all the industrials are conducted with the same care and conservative management as the Standard Oil has been, their subscribers will have reason to rejoice as they count their profits. Some industrials are to be avoided. So are some railroad stocks. The ability to discriminate is the secret of success.

"G." Baltimore, Maryland: I know nothing good about the parties.

"W." Baltimore: International Paper common and Union Bag common ought both to bring the prices you mention. Their friends are very confident in their support.

"Novelty," Philadelphia: The properties are speculative, not for investment.

"Reader," Augusta, Georgia: American Tin Plate is strongly held. Think you will come out with a profit, if you hold.

"C." Patchogue, Long Island: Republic Iron and Steel preferred around 60 ought to yield a profit, if not held too long.

"Investor," Dover, New Hampshire: I do not recommend the stock, but would not sacrifice it at present.

"R." Deep River, Connecticut: Henry Clews & Co. (2) Not for permanent investment, though many believe it will advance.

"Reader," Burlington, Vermont: There is a prospect before fall of escaping a loss and getting out whole, and, all things considered, you ought to make a profit, if you manage with care.

"W." St. Louis, Missouri: I would not sell if you have absolute confidence in the company. (2) Think well of all the stocks you mention, especially the preferred. Some are better than others.

"N." New York: The Southern Pacific Railway is enormously over-capitalized, and selling at twice the price of a year ago. It is not a dividend-paying and in the judgment of many, it never will be.

"W." Lebanon, Pennsylvania: The price of Pennsylvania looks low as compared with Central. I would prefer to have the latter. Both, in my judgment, will sell lower before the presidential election.

"B." Dewey, Idaho: Any of the four stocks mentioned, if bought outright and held, ought to bring a profit. I would not buy excepting on reactions. Some will sell lower. (2) It is not listed and is speculative.

"L." Portland, Oregon: Think well of Oregon Railroad and Navigation preferred at the price mentioned, but it is not gilt-edged. Prefer the four-per-cent. bonds of the company. (2) Watson & Gibson, 55 Broadway, New York.

"J. T. D." Milwaukee: I cannot recommend the party and do not believe in his scheme of dividing profits with customers. (2) The new trading machine of Huston & Muhlmann is a revamping of an old idea. I take no stock in it at all.

"W." Louisville, Kentucky: Do not advise the stock for investment at prevailing prices. Brooklyn Rapid Transit has had a very substantial rise for a non-dividend-payer. (2) Federal Steel preferred at 80 will yield a profit, if not held too long.

"Inquirer," Canandaigua, New York: Chicago and Great Western common has had a heavy rise. You can probably sell without loss before December. If the stock drops, you can even up at a lower figure, selling at the first opportunity which will avoid a loss.

"Penna." Philadelphia: I would not buy anything, especially any industrial, on such a slender margin. The friends of American Tin Plate have been promising a rise in the stock for more than two months. On its earnings, there seems to be reason why it should sell higher.

"C. A." New York: I know of no safer investment than Northwestern preferred. You are lucky if you bought it at 167½. National Steel common should be strong if the iron market maintains its advance, but I do not believe in it for a long pull. (2) I cannot recommend the parties.

"Dan," Boston: There are several Bay State gas stocks and there is no such difference in the price in the corresponding shares as your letter would seem to indicate. As a speculation, the shares have value. Possible combinations may lead to a quick and heavy advance, but only the insiders can have knowledge of such action.

"R." Springfield, Illinois: A. N. Brady, who represents the People's Gas interests, strongly recommends the stock for investment. I think the high price you mention will be reached again. (2) American Steel and Wire has been advanced on the reports of its splendid earnings. Its friends believe that the common will sell at 70.

"Minor," Chicago: The reduction in the sleeping-car rates between Chicago and the Pacific coast, in order to meet the cut made by the Great Northern, will reduce the earnings of the Pullman, but will not reduce the latter's dividends. I would keep the stock. (2) I would not sell my Norfolk and Western preferred. It is on a four-per-cent. basis, and its friends say should sell at 70.

"E." Lyndon, Vermont: No dividend was declared on Rubber common, though the report at the recent meeting showed earnings of a little over three per cent. The future of the property is promising,

but there is great disappointment over the failure to declare a dividend on the common. If you have a profit I would take it. You can, no doubt, repurchase on a decline. (2) Cannot advise you.

"R." Kansas City: Under the plan of the reorganization committee as published, the bond-holders of the Kansas City, Pittsburg and Gulf will receive for each \$1,000 five-per-cent. bond a new four-per-cent. bond for \$700 and \$300 in four-per-cent. preferred stock. An assessment of ten dollars per share is to be levied on the common stock, for which assessment the stockholder will receive four-per-cent. preferred stock to the amount of the assessment he pays.

"C." Haverhill, Massachusetts: C. B. and Q. ought to be worth its selling price. I do not care to predict the possibilities of a few weeks. (2) Do not advise in reference to speculation in grain. (3) Stocks will decline until the liquidation is complete, though whenever a short interest develops, prices will temporarily advance. I look for a fluctuating market for the present. A bull movement may come with reassuring crop reports late in the summer. The weather will therefore have a great deal to do with the market.

"W." Patchogue, Long Island: I would not call American Maltine Company preferred a first-class investment. It is an industrial, run by a close corporation. (2) Norfolk and Western has good prospects. You ought to come out more than even, if you can hold. (3) American District Telegraph only needs the guiding hand of a strong leader to put it up. (4) I think well of the M. K. and T. second G. four, 1900, around 65. (5) On its earning capacity, power, and prospects, I still believe that St. Louis and San Francisco second preferred should sell higher as compared, for instance, with Atchison preferred. (6) I have no connection with any firm of brokers.

"Flyer," Mobile, Alabama: Any of the leading coal stocks at prevailing prices. New York Central, Illinois Central, and the Baltimore and Ohio issues will return a profit if the market gets no serious setback. Among the best of the coal stocks are Delaware and Hudson, Delaware and Lackawanna, and New Jersey Central. New York, Ontario and Western is an excellent speculative coal stock. (2) Manhattan Elevated ought to sell higher. (3) St. Louis and San Francisco second preferred is on a four-per-cent. basis, and sells at less than 40. It ought to sell as high as Atchison preferred. (4) Among the cheaper stocks which will advance with an advancing market are St. Louis and San Francisco common, Kansas and Texas, and North American.

"L." Plattsburg, New York: The Delaware and Hudson Company, at its recent meeting, adopted a plan for the establishment of a sinking fund, for the gradual retirement of the stocks and bonds of the company. This is a very prudent measure. The interests of the stockholders are evidently being conserved. I think your investment is a good one. (2) Among the cheaper stocks on the market, Mexican Central is recommended by a great many persons, although I have not believed in any of the Mexican railroads. Business conditions in that country, however, are much more settled than they have been, and the earnings of the Mexican Central are largely increasing. On reactions, I think well of St. Paul, Norfolk and Western preferred, and Union Pacific. Not for a long term, however. I cannot advise the purchase of Tennessee Coal and Iron at the price mentioned, and am inclined to believe that most of the iron and steel properties are selling at a stiff price.

"G." St. Paul: The postponement of the dividend on the National Biscuit common no doubt accounts for the decline of that stock, which was advanced sharply a short time ago on its dividend prospects. The preferred stocks of the industrials are always the safer for investment. The common stocks represent water and are purely speculative. (2) There is talk of an increase of the dividend on the New York Central. (3) I would not subscribe. The subscribers to the new Republic Steel and the Kentucky distilleries wish they hadn't subscribed, as outsiders can buy the subscriptions at less than par, and Amalgamated Copper, about which so much is heard and which was over-subscribed several times, barely brought par when the subscriptions were awarded. (4) Hold your St. Louis and San Francisco second preferred. It should be worth at least fifty, if existing conditions continue. I would sell the International Silver and be satisfied with my profit.

JASPER.





A FAMILIAR FEELING.

KNOCKED-OUT PUGILIST (*faintly*)—"Wuz me wife in de gallery? Are yer sure?"  
 BOTTLE-HOLDER—"Yes; why?"  
 KNOCKED-OUT PUGILIST—"Are yer sure dat it wuzn't her dat wuz in de ring wid me?"

Established 1823.

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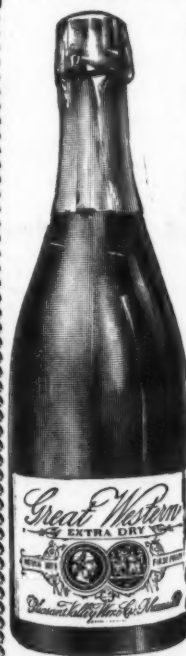
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Rambler bicycles know they have received more for their investment than they could in any other way, in wheels.

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The ideal wheel for women is the Stearns Cushion Frame Bicycle.

Cushion device takes up all vibration. Little jolting or jarring. An easy, gentle motion even over rough roads.

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E. C. STEARNS & Co.,  
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### "WHOLE LIFE POLICY"

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Write for descriptive booklet, sent free on request.

### THE PRUDENTIAL Insurance Co. of America

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.  
Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.

# Flat, Signed, Indestructible.



The Reverie from Rip Van Winkle  
BY  
J. J. Johnson

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CYLINDRICAL, UNSIGNED, DESTRUCTIBLE RECORDS

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## 1899—35th—1899

### Annual Statement OF THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance.  
JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1899.

### PAID-UP CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.

ASSETS.	
Real Estate, - - -	\$2,009,684.43
Cash on hand and in Bank, - - -	1,510,090.17
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate, - - -	5,785,923.99
Interest accrued but not due, - - -	261,379.62
Loans on collateral security, - - -	1,182,327.64
Loans on this Company's Policies, - - -	1,175,489.24
Deferred Life Premiums, - - -	324,697.95
Premiums due and unreported on Life Policies, - - -	251,120.97
United States Bonds, - - -	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds, - - -	3,614,032.58
Railroad stocks and bonds, - - -	6,658,373.37
Bank stocks, - - -	1,066,122.50
Other stocks and bonds, - - -	1,462,300.00
<b>Total Assets, - - -</b>	<b>\$35,315,442.46</b>
LIABILITIES.	
Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department, - - -	\$18,007,596.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't, - - -	1,399,372.80
Present value Installment Life Policies, - - -	507,044.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers, - - -	430,101.55
Losses in process of adjustment, - - -	230,243.33
Life Premiums paid in advance, - - -	35,267.68
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc., - - -	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department, - - -	100,000.00
Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest, - - -	400,000.00
<b>Total Liabilities, - - -</b>	<b>\$21,209,625.36</b>
<b>Excess Security to Policy-holders, - - -</b>	<b>\$4,105,817.10</b>
<b>Surplus to Stockholders, - - -</b>	<b>\$3,105,817.10</b>
STATISTICS TO DATE.	
LIFE DEPARTMENT.	
Life Insurance in force, - - -	\$97,352,621.00
New Life Insurance written in 1898, - - -	16,087,651.00
Insurance on installment plan at commuted value.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898, - - -	1,332,008.95
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, - - -	14,532,359.62
ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.	
Number Accident Claims paid in 1898, - - -	16,260
Whole number Accident Claims paid, - - -	324,250
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898, - - -	\$ 1,254,500.21
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, - - -	\$2,454,596.76
<b>Totals, - - -</b>	<b>\$ 3,636,509.76</b>
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898, - - -	\$ 3,636,509.76
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, - - -	\$6,996,956.27
SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-Pres't. JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary. H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary. EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies. J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.	





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The happiness of the home

The Health of the Nation

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Served at hotels, clubs and restaurants

With Hires Rootbeer Extract you can make your own rootbeer at home. One package makes 5 gallons. Write and ask how a boy can make from 40c to \$4.50 a day. Beautiful picture-book, free.

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